

# The Musical World.

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VOL. 58.—No. 26.

SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880.

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## ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA, COVENT GARDEN.

Mdme Albani.

Production of "Le Pré-aux-Clercs."

**THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 26,** will be produced  
HEROLD's Opera, "LE PRÉ-AUX-CLERCS." Isabella, Mdme Albani; Margherita, Mdme Pasqua; Ninetta, Mdme Valleria; Cantarelli, Signor Cotogni; Girod, M. Gallhard; Comingio, Signor I. Corsi; Sott' Ufficiale, Signor Scolaria; Capo Arciere, Signor Ughetti; and Mergy, M. Engel. Conductor—Signor VIANESI. The incidental Divertissement, arranged by M. Hansen, will be supported by Mdme Reuters, Mdle H. Reuters, Mdle L. Reuters, and the Corps de Ballet. The scenery by Messrs Dayes and Caney. The costumes by M. Paignart, Mdme Dubreuil, M. Deligne, and assistants. The appointments by Mr Labhart. The machinery by Mr White. The *mise-en-scène* by Signor Tagliacolo.

**LAST WEEK BUT TWO OF THE SEASON.**

MONDAY next, June 28, ROSSINI's Opera, "IL BARBIERE DI SIVIGLIA." Mdme Adelina Patti, Signor Nicolini.

TUESDAY next, June 29, BELLINI's Opera, "LA SONNAMBULA." Mdme Semblich.

THURSDAY next, July 1, Second Performance of HEROLD's Opera, "LE PRÉ-AUX-CLERCS." Mdme Albani.

FRIDAY next, July 2, MEYERBEER's Grand Opera, "LE PROPHÈTE." Mdme Scatchi, Mdle Valleria, Signor Gayarré.

Production of "Estella."

SATURDAY, July 3, JULES COHEN's Opera, "ESTELLA." Estella, Mdme Adelina Patti; Dorotea, Mdle Mantilla; Dinarda, Mdle Cottino; Mengo, Signor Cotogni; Don Juan II., Signor Vidal; Don Alvar, Signor Scolaria; and Fabio, Signor Nicolini. Conductor—Signor BEVIGNANI. The incidental Divertissement, arranged by M. Hansen, will be supported by Mdle Zuliani, Mdle Reuters, Mdle H. Reuters, Mdle L. Reuters, and the Corps de Ballet. The scenery by Messrs Dayes and Caney. The costumes by M. Paignart, Mdme Dubreuil, M. Deligne, and assistants. The appointments by Mr Labhart. The machinery by Mr White. The *mise-en-scène* by Signor Tagliacolo.

Doors open at Eight o'clock; Opera commences at Half-past. The Box Office, under the portico of the Theatre, is open from Ten till Five. Orchestra Stalls, 21 1s.; Side Boxes on the first tier, 23 3s.; Upper Boxes, 25 12s. 6d.; Pit Tickets, 7s.; Amphitheatre Stalls, 10s. 6d. and 5s.; Amphitheatre, 2s. 6d.

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**SIR JULIUS BENEDICT'S FORTY-FIFTH ANNUAL GRAND MORNING CONCERT,** at ST JAMES'S HALL, WEDNESDAY Next, June 30th, at Two o'clock. The following eminent Artists will appear:—Mdme Albani, Mdle Zará Thalberg, and Mdme Semblich (her first appearance in a concert); Mdme Scatchi; M.M. Gayarré, Gaillard, and Lassalle (from the Royal Italian Opera); Mdme Trebelli (from Her Majesty's Theatre); Mdle Rosini Isidor, Miss Robertson, Miss Fanny Robertson, and Mrs Osgood; M. J. Diaz de Soria, and Señor Pagans, Mr F. King, and Mr Santley; the Swedish Vocal Quartet; Mdle Sarah Bernhardt, who will give a Recitation in the course of the Concert. Instrumentalists—Mdme Montigny-Rénaury, Miss Agnes Zimmermann, M.M. Saint-Saëns, J. Wieniawski, O. Agghazy, and Sir Julius Benedict, Musin, T. Hobay, Mdle R. Sacconi, John Thomas, and Louis Engel. Conductors—M.M. VIANESI, BEVIGNANI, VIRETTI, GANZ, and RANDEGGER. Programme now ready. Stalls, 21 1s.; Reserved Seats, 10s. 6d.; Area, 5s.; Upper Balcony, 3s.; to be obtained of the usual Agents; Sir Julius Benedict, 2, Manchester Square; and at Austin's Office, St James's Hall.

## HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE, HAYMARKET.

**THIS EVENING (SATURDAY), June 26,** will be performed  
"IL DON GIOVANNI." Signor Lazzarini, Signor Del Puente, Herr Behrens, Mdme Eleonora Robinson, Mdme Marie Roze, Mdle Minnie Hauk.

MONDAY next, June 28 (last time), "FAUST." Margherita, Mdme Christine Nilsson.

Last Appearance of Mdle Minnie Hauk.

TUESDAY next, June 29, "CARMEN." Signor Campanini, Mdle Minnie Hauk.

First Appearance this Season of Mdme Etelka Gerster.

THURSDAY, July 1.

SATURDAY, July 3, will be performed, for the first time in England, "MEFISTOFELE." Music and Libretto by Arrigo Boito. Produced under the personal direction of the composer. The new scenery by Magnani. Principal characters by Signor Campanini, Signor Nannetti (specially engaged), Mdme Trebelli, and Mdme Christine Nilsson.

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STEINWAY HALL, MONDAY Next, at Eight. Vocalists—Mrs Osgood and Mdme Edith Wynne; Mdme Enriquez, Miss Della Harris, and Miss Hope Glenn; Mr W. H. Cummings and Mr Barton McGuckin; Mr Lewis Thomas, Signor Carlo Melis, Mr Walter Clifford, and Signor Franceschi. Instrumentalists: Harp—Mr John Thomas (harpist to Her Majesty the Queen); Pianoforte—Mdme Kate Roberts, Miss Josephine Agabeg, and Miss Beattie Waugh; Violin—Mdme Terese Liebe; Recitation—Miss Fairfax. Conductors—Mr W. H. THOMAS and Mr W. S. HOYTE. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 5s., 2s. 6d., at the Steinway Hall; Messrs Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street; and of Mdme EDITH WYNNE, 61, Boundary Road, St John's Wood.

**MRS GURNEY** begs to announce that her CONCERT will take place at the "DILETTANTE CIRCLE," 7, Argyll Street, Oxford Circus, on TUESDAY, July 13th, at Eight o'clock. Tickets to be had of Messrs Duncan Davison & Co., 244, Regent Street; and of Signor Tartaglione, 18, Charlotte Street, Portland Place.

**SCHUBERT SOCIETY.** President—Sir JULIUS BENEDICT. Founder and Director—Herr SCHUBERT. Fourteenth Season, 1880. The SIXTY-FIFTH CONCERT, for Herr Schubert's benefit, will take place on THURSDAY, 1st July (first part of Programme, Benedict, Weber, and Spohr's Compositions). Sir Julius Benedict will introduce a New Composition for Pianoforte on this occasion. Tickets at Messrs Duncan Davison & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, W.

THE ATALANTA FUND.

**Alice BARTH'S OPERETTA COMPANY** have kindly volunteered their services in aid of the Atalanta Fund, and will play, THIS DAY (SATURDAY), the Operetta of the "WATERMAN," in the Opera Theatre of the ALEXANDRA PALACE.

ALEXANDRA PALACE.

**Alice BARTH'S OPERETTA COMPANY** will give a SERIES of OPERETTAS in the Opera Theatre of the ALEXANDRA PALACE, commencing MONDAY, July 28th. The Repertoire will include the *Waterman*, the *Rose of Auvergne*, the *Sleeping Queen* (Balle), and the *Odd Trick* (Revenhall), &c., &c.

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**MDME TATFORD** will sing **HENRY SMART's** popular Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at her Concert, Steinway Hall, July 12th.

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**MR JOHN CROSS** will sing, accompanied by the Composer, **HENRY PONTET's** new Song, "WHY DID I LOVE HER?" (expressly composed for Mr Cross), at Miss Ellen Walby's Concert, July 8th; and at Mdme Tatford's Concert, July 12th.

**"KILLARNEY."**  
**MDME ALICE BARTH** will sing **BALFE's** popular Song, "KILLARNEY," June 26th, at the Alexandra Palace; July 6, at Freemason's Hall; and at Blackpool, July 17 and 20.

**"ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?"**  
**MR VERNON RIGBY** will sing **ASCHER's** popular Romance, "ALICE, WHERE ART THOU?" at Birmingham, on Monday, July 12.

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When the sun set over the sea,  
And revealed the shore of the far off lands,  
I wandered there with thee.  
We heard the flow of the ceaseless waves,  
And watched their foam-touched crest,  
And our hearts were full of mystery,  
And sweet, unfathomed rest."

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## THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.

June 19.

A rehearsal, as such things go, is no subject for criticism, nor even for notice, but the "public rehearsal" which takes place on Friday in the week preceding that of the Handel Festival is quite an exceptional affair. We may, indeed, regard it as a concert under another name, or as a veiled, but far from concealed, performance. It is well, no doubt, to keep up the flimsy deception, since, if need arise, Sir Michael Costa can act upon the privileges of a conductor at rehearsal, and since it affords an excuse for offering a share in Festival enjoyment to a crowd of persons who might otherwise be shut out. But that the rehearsal is, in point of fact, no such thing at all, constitutes one of the marvels of this grand triennial celebration. English amateurs, who are used to it, probably do not see the thing in its proper light. If, however, one of the many distinguished foreign musicians present at the Crystal Palace yesterday were questioned on the point, he would frankly aver that the proficiency of so vast a body of singers and players, working together for the first time, was absolutely astonishing. And the stranger who should declare this with the greatest emphasis would be nearest the truth. It was, indeed, a wonder that the 4,500 executants, gathered from all parts of the country on the Handel Orchestra yesterday afternoon, went through a long programme containing some difficult and not familiar pieces with such precision that the conductor—a man hard to please—stopped them only on one solitary occasion. Let us make much of this. It is something of which to be proud—something as to which we, the people of an "unmusical nation," may, without overstepping the limits of becoming modesty, challenge the world. And we do challenge the world, especially such parts of it as affect to look down upon our pretensions to musical eminence. But the glove is not likely to be taken up by any intelligent foreigner who journeyed to Sydenham yesterday, and came away, as needs he must have done, penetrated with a conviction that the Handel cultus in England is an unexampled phenomenon, altogether hopeless of rivalry.

Though the so-called "rehearsal" was, in procedure and effect, a Festival performance, there are obvious reasons why it should not now be regarded from a critical point of view. Every song and chorus given yesterday informally will be presented next week with solemn state, and will then invite the attention which would now be out of place. Enough if we dwell upon whatever in the preliminary doings indicated the probable character of those to come. In the first place, it was evident that public interest in the Handel Festivals has not abated, even after twenty years of familiarity. There may have been more curiosity when first the Handelian choristers gathered at Sydenham in their thousands, but enjoyment of the performances is as great now as in the past. If we have left off wondering, we have not given up desire for that which has ceased to be marvellous, and hence a vast crowd assembled yesterday beneath the crystal roof. And such a crowd! It may be said of the Handel Festival orchestra as its members sometimes sing of the great company of preachers—that its sound has gone out into all lands, and its words unto the ends of the earth. For from the ends of the earth the lovers of music are drawn by it. The far-off Pacific shore, the banks of the Danube and the Rhine, the parts of "Greater Britain" that lie under our feet, Italy, France, Belgium, Spain—all had representatives in yesterday's gathering. The fact speaks well for the permanence of our Handel worship, and for something more than its permanence. Of old, men went up from distant countries to Jerusalem and carried thence the germs of a living faith. This may be enacted over again in our own time and midst, for among the visitors to Handel Festivals none can go away other than converted to the musical gospel which is all strength, purity, and truth. Anyhow, we English have, as far as the art divine is concerned, our mainstay in Handel. Just as the Bible preserves the Saxon purity of our "vulgar tongue," so the music of the Saxon master guarantees a simplicity and healthiness of taste against which the morbid perversity of his latest successors is well nigh powerless.

We have already indicated the efficiency of the band and chorus that, for the seventh time, submit to the powerful *bâton* of Sir Michael Costa, but on this subject a good deal remains to be said when the proper time arrives. But let us hasten to record, in explicit terms, that it is a better chorus than ever. Only on very few occasions yesterday had the chief to put forth the strength which, when most exerted, is so simply indicated. For by far the greater part of the mighty host confronting him fell into step with the instinct of veteran troops, and moved through mazy evolutions with a precision nothing short of marvellous. The effect was superb, not only in such well-known pieces as "The Hallelujah" and "Amen" from *The Messiah*, and the chief choral numbers of *Israel in Egypt*, but also in a selection from the second day's programme. This last included the Coronation Anthem, "Zadok the Priest," "Fixed in His everlasting seat," "Let their celestial concerts,"

"Envy, eldest born of hell," "Wretched lovers," "Galatea, dry thy tears," "The Nightingale chorus," "The many rend the skies," and other masterpieces equally illustrative of Handel's astonishing pre-eminence. In these, of course, the 4,000 singers carried off first honours, but in other cases the huge orchestra, led by the veteran and accomplished Sainton, earned its full share of glory. The performance of the *Occasional Overture*, the "Dead March" in *Samson*, and of the first concerto for orchestra, was in its way as striking and meritorious as any part of the afternoon's work. Vocal solos were as usual conspicuous in the programme, the artists who appeared being Mesdames Albani, Sherrington, Osgood, and Trebelli, Messrs Rigby, Lloyd, King, Bridson, and Santley. Madame Albani sang her favourite "Angels ever bright and fair," Madame Sherrington taking "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," Mrs Osgood "Pious orgies," and Madame Trebelli both "Lord to Thee each night and day" (*Theodora*) and "Verdi prati." Mr Vernon Rigby, in excellent voice, sang "Call forth Thy powers" and "Love sounds the alarm" with splendid effect, his voice, unsparingly yet judiciously used, filling the transept. Mr Rigby thus promised well for success on Wednesday, as did Mr Lloyd in "Sound an alarm" and "Love in her eyes"—airs that enabled him to exhibit two very different styles. Mr Santley's songs were "O voi dell' Erebo" and "O, ruddier than the cherry," each a familiar and popular item in his extensive repertory. For the rest, it must suffice to state that the result of the rehearsal was an assurance of a Festival equal, at least, to the best of its predecessors and an honour to our country and time.

June 22.

Favoured by lovely weather, by the attendance of 21,534 persons, and by a capital performance of Handel's "sacred oratorio," the festival began most auspiciously yesterday afternoon. But before touching upon the details of a grand success it may be well to revive possibly faded memories of the past of an enterprise that, after twenty-one years of steady progress, deserves to be regarded as an institution. In 1859 occurred the centenary of Handel's death, and, as the centenary of his birth had been celebrated with almost regal honours in Westminster Abbey, a wish arose among the master's admirers to commemorate the later event in a similar manner. The ancient fane wherein Handel's bones repose was no longer available for such a purpose, but a fairy structure, the outcome of modern science and ingenuity, had just arisen on Penge Hill, and within its new and glittering walls it was proposed to keep high festival for the glory of the old master. The idea struck many minds as more bold than safe, wherefore, that a peculiarly humiliating failure might be avoided, a series of experimental performances was determined upon, and took place in June, 1857, under the management of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with Mr (now Sir Michael) Costa as musical director. The chorus on this occasion numbered 2,000 voices, and the band 316 instruments, the works produced being *The Messiah*, *Judas*, and *Israel in Egypt*. Most gratifying results attended the experiment, and the Commemoration Festival was duly held in 1859, with increased success arising from the improved sonority of the transept. The figures of the chorus went up to 2,700 at this celebration, and those of the band to 460, while *The Messiah* and *Israel* retained their places in the programme—as they have done on all subsequent occasions—the second day being devoted to a miscellaneous selection from Handel's sacred and secular works. Having paid their centenary honours, the managers happily bethought them that it would be a great misfortune to dislocate the elaborate machinery and scatter the resources which had enabled them to achieve so great a thing. Out of this reflection arose a proposal to establish a triennial Handel Festival, and, as might have been foreseen, the public gave a hearty adhesion to the project. In 1862 the new scheme was tested, with results of the most satisfactory kind, and in 1865 the managers felt themselves justified in increasing their executive means to the then unparalleled extent of 2,866 voices and 495 instruments. In 1868, so zealously did amateurs support the festivals that the chorus was further increased to 3,065 voices, while in 1871, 1874, and 1877, public patronage, instead of falling off, as the novelty of the performances abated, remained steady at a remunerative figure. As far as we yet know, the celebration of 1880 will not depart from this gratifying rule. At the opening performance three years ago, the number of persons present was 18,290, so that the return of yesterday's attendance shows an advance of no fewer than 3,344. In the face of progress so steady and continuous we are fully entitled to speak of the Handel Festival as an institution—a thing of assured existence which no caprice can injure, and no ordinary accident affect. So regarding it, every one, whether he care for Handel or not, will give his tribute of admiration to the men who bore the heat and burden of the labour that laid the foundations and built



up the walls of this noble structure. We have no fear for the continued popularity of Handel in England, and when, generations hence, the great triennial festival comes round, men will speak to each other with gratitude of Michael Costa, Robert Bowley, George Grove, and others who, less conspicuously, but with equal zeal, helped to make the enterprise worthy alike of its object and of an enthusiastic public support.

The management of the present festival, we hardly need say, is in the hands of the Crystal Palace directors and the Sacred Harmonic Society, as all its predecessors have been. Institutions remain, but individuals come and go, and all are not equally gifted with the organizing and administrative power required by an elaborate undertaking. The experienced officials of the Sacred Harmonic Society are, however, as well up to their work as ever. Upon them devolve the entire musical arrangements, which appear to be again very near perfection. As much, it would seem, cannot be said of those entrusted to the Crystal Palace authorities, who, in trying to improve upon the lines of their predecessors, have only succeeded in demonstrating their own marked inferiority of tact and resource. No change of importance in the musical arrangements calls for notice, unless it be a very considerable increase in the London contingent of the choir. There was something striking and appropriate in drawing amateur vocalists from all parts of the kingdom, but it now seems desirable, as undoubtedly it is practicable, to well-nigh fill the ranks of the chorus with Londoners. We cast no reflection upon provincial singers when we assert that this course has not resulted in mischief. The present choir is as good as that of any previous festival, and thus, without loss of efficiency, the managers have avoided a very considerable expenditure. In point of numerical strength, the instruments and voices are much as they were three years ago, nor does it seem desirable to further augment their numbers. There is a limit in all such cases beyond which an increase of strength actually becomes an element of weakness, and we are decidedly of opinion that the limit in question has been touched by Sir Michael Costa. As now constituted the Handel Festival orchestra is like Denham's Thames, "*strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.*" That the wisdom of the chief may be trusted to keep it so, we will not permit ourselves to doubt.

Coming to the performance of yesterday, and especially to the glorious work performed, no words save those of eulogy are possible. Praise of *The Messiah* is a trite thing indeed, and yet it cannot fairly be withheld on an occasion of so much mark. We do not always feel called upon to sing hymns to the noonday sun. There are times, nevertheless, when the god of day appears robed in such ineffable splendour that we must needs worship him. So is it with *The Messiah*, of which, as the oratorio was yesterday presented, we might say, in the quaint language of its first Irish critic, "Words are wanting to express the exquisite delight it afforded to the admiring crowded audience. The Sublime, the Grand, and the Tender, adapted to the most elevated, majestic, and moving words, conspired to transport and charm the ravished Heart and Ear." It would not be difficult for a believer in special providences to connect one of these manifestations with *The Messiah*. "Who was Charles Jennens," he might ask, "that he should be able to produce a libretto so concise yet so exhaustive, so logical yet so affecting? Had he the wisdom and grace of a General Assembly of Divines? And who was George Frederick Handel, musical speculator and man of business, that in twenty-four days—barely time to write down the notes—he should link the story of the Redeemer with music that, in its strength and majesty, in its sweetness and pathos, breathes the air of a higher world?" Without answering such questions, there seems enough reason in them to suggest that, had such a work appeared in the days of Grecian mythology, poets and orators would have traced its origin to the gods. There may, perhaps, be need to speak thus of *The Messiah*, and to carefully keep fresh the impressions made by every performance like that of yesterday. These are days when strange things are said of the old composers. They are pitied, when not openly depreciated, as men unfortunate in their era, and doomed, with all their strength, to be infantile. Such "parlous stuff" as this needs an antidote, especially where confidence enough to insure its scornful rejection is wanting, and the best antidote was "exhibited" yesterday in the overwhelming grandeur of "For unto us a child is born," "Hallelujah," and "Worthy is the Lamb," in the jubilant antiphony of "Lift up your heads," in the deep tenderness of "He was despised," and in the soaring confidence of "I know that my Redeemer liveth." This is music of a verity—not the poor tinselled stuff that flashes on the agile bodies of certain modern acrobats, but the full rich robes of a king—purple of Tyre and gold of Ophir. Its worth cannot be hidden nor its value lessen, and while human nature is responsive to the appeal of music as it comes, in sweet or majestic strains, from the heart of a great poet, so long will *The*

*Messiah*, no matter for its old-world forms of utterance, keep pre-eminence. The choruses were one and all magnificently rendered yesterday, the performers fully warranting the confidence that declined to ask the rehearsal of a single note for rehearsal's sake. But this was a matter of course. On Friday the "Hallelujah" and "Amen" were played by the orchestra from memory, in the absence of copies, and it can easily be conceived that the whole work might have been so given without breaking down. *The Messiah* is the English chorister's primer, and he would blush with shame not to know its every note. So, from beginning to end of Handel's oratorio, the host of executants marched with steady and assured step, no chorus so intricate as to puzzle them, no obstacles serious enough to cause a wavering in their ranks. In some cases, needless to specify, the effect was sublimity of the highest order. To say nothing of purely musical impressions, the very onward sweep of that stupendous mass of tone had in it the power of inspiring awe. The solos, necessarily of inferior importance under the conditions of such a Festival, were heard, as far as they could be heard at all, with the admiration due to great efficiency. Every artist engaged, we are happy to say, belongs to the country which Handel adopted, and of none had England the smallest reason to be ashamed. Mme Albani sang the soprano airs with the fervid expression and chaste style that distinguish her in sacred music, her chief successes being gained in "How beautiful are the feet" and "I know that my Redeemer liveth." Mme Patey, to whom all the contralto solos rightly fell, showed herself worthy of her theme and the occasion by singing with more than usual beauty of voice and charm of manner. Nothing better than her rendering of "He was despised" and "He shall feed His flock" could the most fastidious desire. It was an effort worthy of the days when, as some tell us, there really were great singers in the land. Mr Barton McGuckin acquitted himself in the opening tenor solos and in the Passion Music with the discretion of a judicious artist; while Mr Maas, to whom fell "Thou shalt dash them," called forth a roar of applause by the beauty of his high notes in the cadence. They were certainly splendid notes, wherefore we should not, perhaps, insist much on the fact that Handel never prompted them. The bass solos in the first part were finely delivered by Signor Foli, whose noble voice gave them capital effect. In the second part Mr Santley appeared, and, animated by all his old spirit, sang, "Why do the nations" in magnificent style. Nor did his rendering of "The trumpet shall sound" fall short of like success. To sum up, *The Messiah* performance took rank as a brilliant achievement. How much of this result was due to Sir Michael Costa, born leader of musical armies, we shall have to tell when his position as regards the entire Festival comes to be considered.

June 24.

Our German kinsfolk have a pleasant fashion of devoting one day in each of their musical festivals to an "artists' concert," at which everybody understands that the purpose is not so much to exhibit art as to display the qualities of those who are its exponents. The custom is a good one, and might be imitated amongst ourselves with great advantage, since it would draw a broad line of demarcation between interests that often clash, and, in so doing, remove a frequent cause of complaint. From a practical point of view the Handel Festival secures these advantages by devoting its second day to a selection of pieces chosen as much for the sake of those who interpret them as for their own representative worth. On the "Selection Day" all the principal artists appear; the programme is studded with solos that are, or may be, popular; and even the choruses are chosen with an eye to immediate effect upon a miscellaneous audience. We are sure that no one is disposed to complain of this. With *The Messiah* and *Israel* as permanent features in the triennial scheme, very considerable latitude may be given to those who are responsible for the remaining programme. As to the propriety on other grounds of a selection, there can be no dispute Handel composed many works which could not now be produced in their entirety, although they contain examples of his genius that deserve to be widely known. The selection programme offers us the true gems without the paste. Handel was a busy man, ever rushing to the front of the world's battle and compelled to show as much skill in "dodges" as in honest fighting. We need not revive him as the clever waiter upon public taste, but we are bound to be on intimate terms with the music he produced when his ears were open only to the promptings of genius. Having this in mind, the judgment of those who are responsible for some of the Handel Festival selections, notably for that of yesterday, may be impugned with a show of reason. It is, at any rate, matter for surprise that, while ten pieces in the selection of 1877 had never been previously heard at the Handel Festival, the novelties performed yesterday were

only three. This would seem to imply either an exhaustion of material or limitation to matter not worthy of production. But one or the other would, as a conclusion, be entirely opposed to fact. To say that Handel is exhausted is nonsense. To contend that only three remain is absurd. In the Chandos Anthems alone many of his finest and almost wholly forgotten choral examples are presented; while the master's operas offer an embarrassment of wealth to those who would select the choicest gems. It was disappointing, therefore, to find in yesterday's programme, along with a mass of familiar pieces, only three additions to the Festival repertory. So small an increase is not enough. It means only one piece a year, and at that rate the present generation will make room for the next without having to thank the Festival managers for greatly improving its knowledge of Handel. We may, however, be gratuitously anxious for the present generation. No sense of disappointment impelled twice ten thousand persons and some thousands over to journey Sydenhamwards yesterday, and no feeling of resentment had to do with the patient hearing and warm applause bestowed upon works that were apparently valued in direct ratio to their familiarity. But it is our business to anticipate the public in this matter, and to ask that the Festival of 1883 may be marked by zeal for the master's greater glory in something like fair proportion to a sense of expediency.

The three novelties upon which the Handel Festival of 1880 will hereafter rest its claim to distinction may fitly demand precedence here. First came the Dead March in *Samson*—the poor relation of its illustrious brother in *Saul*, and, like all poor relations, often snubbed. It was well to perform this piece, if only to show that Handel could write more than one funeral march in a major key and the simplest fashion. The *Samson* march might be the twin of that in *Saul*. Both are as unaffected as the sorrow of a little child, and both might represent the grief of a man dignified amid unwonted tears. In nothing is Handel's greatness more manifest than in works of this kind. While others storm the heavens—and often appal the earth—he pours out the lament of a full heart in plain musical sentences as unaffected as the cry of David over Absalom his son. The March was most impressively played, and, for once, obtained the recognition fairly its due. A chorus, "Blest be the man," from *Joseph and his Brethren*, constituted the second novelty. For this we doubt if many who heard it yesterday greatly care. The frequent repetition in full tonic and dominant harmonies of the words of benediction upon the ruler of Egypt is quite in Handel's style, but the contrapuntal episodes are decidedly dry, as well as more frequently repeated than their significance warrants. Many pieces more worthy of the master might have been chosen, yet in saying this we must not be understood as reproaching him. The poor composer was often a victim to the miserable dabbles in verse who supplied him with words, and here he is a victim indeed. Imagine even a greater than Handel—if that may be—trying to wed immortal music with such lines as these:—

"Blest be the man by power unstained!  
Virtue there itself rewarding;  
Blest be the man to wealth unchained,  
Treasure for the public hoarding!"

He might as well endeavour to be sentimental over a logarithmic table. The last of the three novelties was No. 1 of twelve concertos for orchestra, composed between September 29 and October 30, 1739. These works were published in 1740, and described as "for four violins, a tenor, a violoncello, with a thorough-bass for the harpsichord." They soon became popular in London concert-rooms—so soon that Walsh was able to advertise them, a few days afterwards, as being "played in most public places with the greatest applause." Their value is now for the most part antiquarian, or, at all events, depends upon the manner in which they illustrate Handel's idea of a purely orchestral work. Apart from this, however, the concerto played yesterday prefers claims that cannot well be denied. It stands quite apart from modern compositions, just as do the "Sinfonias" of Bach, but it is by no means discovered from the power which, in all ages and forms, music has of appealing to the imagination and the heart. The piece was executed by the enormous orchestra in a style better described as astonishing than as admirable. It seemed as though in the orchestral, not less than the vocal, Handel had an affinity with English musical natures.

The airs in yesterday's selection were numerous, and, without an exception, almost as well known as the artists who sang them. They call, therefore, for no more than brief notice. To Mme Adeline Patti fell "Let the bright Seraphim" and "From mighty Kings," one, at least, of which she had rendered with brilliant success on a previous occasion. In the former, aided by the admirable trumpet *obbligato* of Mr. T. Harper, and especially in the latter, which secured the first encore of the Festival, Mme Patti re-asserted her power as an oratorio artist. Her facility of execution and propriety

of style would have reflected credit upon one to the manner born and to the work accustomed. Mme Lemmens-Sherrington won cordial applause by a thoroughly artistic delivery of "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir" (*piccolo obbligato*, Mr. Brossa), and also of "O had I Jubal's lyre." The accomplished artist was greeted on this occasion with all the cordiality that English audiences invariably manifest towards their old favourites; and she took good care to prove that her deserts were not over-rated. Mrs Osgood, a capital representative of Handel's Transatlantic admirers, was heard to advantage in "Pious orgies"; while Mme Trebelli repeated the success so easily gained at Friday's rehearsal by her delivery of "Lord, to Thee," and "Verdi prati." The two English tenors engaged were each successful enough to warrant their position as champions of native art. Mr Vernon Rigby sang first, "Call forth Thy powers" (*Judas*), and next, "Love sounds the alarm" (*Acis and Galatea*), both very trying airs, because demanding the qualities of a vocalist rather than of a declaimer. Mr Rigby came out of the ordeal right well, and only on rare occasions has he done better. Every note had its proper value, and every phrase its proper expression, while in power and quality of voice he left nothing to be desired. It is satisfactory to know that amid many fluctuations of artistic worth Mr Rigby's merits remain unchanged. Mr Lloyd, though not in perfect health, made the decided effort to which he is so well accustomed. His airs were "Sound an alarm" and "Love in her eyes," the second carrying off all possible honours and thoroughly deserving them. On his part, Mr Santley once more asserted pre-eminence by a rendering of "O voi dell' Erebo" and "O ruddier than the cherry," such as only hypercritics could find fault with. All the soloists, we may add, were lustily applauded, and together they carried off a fair share of glory against the formidable competition of the concerted music.

Remembering *Israel* is to be performed to-morrow, and that then will come the turn of the chorus and orchestra, we shall be content now with a simple mention of the choral numbers. They were "Zadok the Priest," "O Father, whose almighty power," "We hear" (*Judas*), "Fixed in His everlasting seat" (*Samson*), "Let their celestial concerts," "Blest be the man" (*Joseph*), "O the pleasure," "Wretched lovers," "Galatea, dry thy tears" (*Acis and Galatea*), "May no rash intruder" (*Solomon*), "The many rend the skies" (*Alexander's Feast*), and "See the conquering Hero comes." One and all were splendidly given, and the success of the second day, not less than of the first, redounded to the credit of English art, and to the honour of the great conductor who marshals the thousands of English amateurs with the skill of a heaven-sent chief.—D. T.

## ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

## Programmes of Organ Recitals by Mr W. T. Best.

## THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 17th:—

Organ Sonata, No. 5, D major	...	Mendelssohn
Andantino—from the Symphony <i>The Power of Sound</i>	...	Spohr.
Allegretto vivace, A minor and major	...	G. Morandi.
Prelude and Fugue, D major	...	Bach.
Air, "Ave Maria"	...	Schubert.
Overture, <i>The Siege of Corinth</i>	...	Rossini.

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON, JUNE 19th:—

Organ Concerto, A major	...	Handel.
Andante from the Tenth Symphony (Posthumous Work)	...	Mozart.
Allegro Moderato (Series of Organ Pieces, No. 4)	...	H. Smart.
Marche Funèbre, <i>Jeune d'Arc</i>	...	C. Gounod.
Prelude and Fugue, G major	...	Bach.
Fanfare Militaire	...	J. Ascher.

## THURSDAY EVENING, JUNE 24th:—

Procession March founded upon Two Church Hymns	...	Alex. Guilmant.
Andante con Variazioni from the Serenade for Flute,		
Violin and Viola	...	Beethoven.
Fantasia with Chorale	...	Adolph Hesse.
Romanza—"A una fonte" ( <i>I Puritani</i> )	...	Bellini.
Fantasia, F major	...	W. T. Best.
Overture— <i>Marco Spada</i>	...	Auber.

SALZBURG.—The room in which Mozart was born is now open to the public, as nearly as possible in the same state as at the time of his birth. A bust of the great musician is placed on the spot; the walls are hung with portraits of members of his family, and pictures representing episodes in his life.

## WAGNER ON "BEETHOVEN,"\*

(From the "Musical Times.")

It is scarcely creditable to the English people that Wagner's treatise on Beethoven's music existed in German ten years before appearing as a translation into our insular tongue. However much we may differ from the composer of the *Nibelungen Ring*, and hold that he and Beethoven have nothing in common, it is a plain duty to be familiar, and even intimate, with the opinions of one famous man about another. Gladly, therefore, we welcome Mr Dannreuther's translation of the work before us, doing so with the more warmth because the German of Wagner—in its way as Wagneresque as the English of Carlyle is Carlylesque—is difficult reading even to those most familiar with the ordinary language of our Teutonic kin. Mr Dannreuther has achieved his task with the conscientiousness of his nature, and with a success due to much tact and patience. Thanks to these qualities, the deliberate judgment of the Bayreuth Master upon him of Bonn remains no longer a sealed book for English readers, and an interesting contribution to the literature of our art has had the scope of its influence enlarged.

Wagner tells us in his preface that he was provoked to write upon Beethoven by the centenary of the master's birth. He had, it appears, looked forward to the chance of delivering an oration at some commemorative fête; but as, in 1870, German thought and feeling were concentrated upon the war with France, the desired opportunity did not present itself. Under these circumstances Wagner committed to paper the thoughts he intended to speak, doing so at greater length than would otherwise have been possible. To this we owe a dissertation on the philosophy of music in general, and some enlarged and elaborate ideas about Beethoven's music in particular—results not the least interesting among those which have sprung indirectly from the great conflict waged ten years ago.

Wagner proposes, at the outset, to search for "the peculiar trait by which a musician is known as belonging to a particular nation," doing so with special reference to Beethoven as to a typical case. We are told, to begin with, that the circumstances of the master's life have no obvious connection with, or relation to, his artistic works. "Supposing we had all possible information about special facts before us, microscopically distinct, even then we should see nothing beyond what is contained in the account, for instance, that the master had at first designed the 'Sinfonia Eroica' as an act of homage to young General Bonaparte, and inscribed his name upon the title-page, and that he had subsequently struck out the name when he heard that Bonaparte had made himself Emperor. None of our poets has ever designated the tendency connected with one of his principal works in so marked a manner; yet what aid can such a plain indication give us in judging one of the most wonderful of musical creations? Can it explain a single bar of the score? Is it not sheer folly to think seriously of making such an attempt? I believe the most positive information we may get about the man Beethoven will, at best, stand in the same relation to the musician Beethoven as General Bonaparte stands to the 'Sinfonia Eroica.' From this point of view the great musician must ever remain a perfect mystery." Wagner contends that here the musician differs from the poet. In the case of Goethe and Schiller a certain connection between their life and time and their works can be traced, and our author, after asserting as much, goes on to investigate the reasons why it is not so with their illustrious musical compatriot. Here he plunges far down into the depths of the philosophy of his art, propounding a thesis as thus: "Exactly on the manner of the intuition of the Ideas based the entire difference between the poet and musician." The proposition is intelligible enough as such, and we are curious to know how it will be worked out. To this end Wagner draws upon Schopenhauer for what he calls a "hypothetical elucidation," and also a "profound paradox." The philosopher contended that whereas the fine arts in general concern themselves with the Ideas of the world and their essential phenomena; and whereas the poet conveys those ideas to us by means of rational concepts, music is itself "an Idea of the world, since whoever could completely elucidate music, or, rather, translate it into rational concepts, would at the same time have produced a philosophy explaining the world." The paradox is, of course, discovered in the fact that music cannot, properly speaking, be explained by concepts at all, and this paradox, says Wagner, must be solved before Beethoven can be exhaustively estimated.

It is by no means easy to condense the argument by which Wagner, after Schopenhauer, tries to reach the solution desired. We may say, however, that a distinction is drawn between the *idea* which follows from the cognition of relations and the essential nature of

"the thing *per se*," the former being phenomena only. It is impossible to reason from these phenomena to the essential thing, and our access to the latter is made from a different side. Consciousness, argues Schopenhauer, has two sides, *e.g.*, "partly consciousness of one's own self, which is the Will; partly a consciousness of other things, and in the latter case primarily perceptive cognition of the outer world—apprehension of objects." Musical conception springs from the first of these two—the introverted side of consciousness—since it can have nothing in common with the apprehension of Ideas belonging to the perceptive cognition of the world. It follows that the musician must turn his eyes inwards rather than outwards; looking not to the *phenomena* of things, of which his art in its conceptiveness is independent, but to their essential nature. With the introverted side of our consciousness—that which is turned inwards and away from exterior phenomena—we apprehend the true character of things; but we do this only, reasons our philosopher, when we are capable of looking inwards with the same clearness as we look outwards in grasping Ideas. Schopenhauer, as quoted by Wagner, proceeds to illustrate this by reference to the fact that in dreams we are conscious of a second world not less distinct than that we recognise when awake, but which is a world within us, perceived by an introverted function of the brain. Analogously, it is argued, a world of sound exists along with a world of light, the first bearing the same relation to the second as the dream-world to that of waking hours. Through this world of sounds the inner consciousness turns outwards, and expresses itself in the quickest and surest way. Thus we awake from a troubled dream—an excitation of the inner life—with a cry; but, says Wagner, "we have less occasion to wonder at the cries being at once intelligible, than at the fact that an Art should have arisen from such an element; it being evident on the other hand that artistic production, as well as artistic perception, can only proceed from an alienation of consciousness from the excitations of the Will."

(To be continued.)

## PLANCHÉ AND WEBER.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—The following lines by the late J. R. Planché, on the death of his famous coadjutor, Carl Maria von Weber, were written in 1828, shortly after Weber's death at Sir George Smart's residence, Great Portland Street. They were published at the time, but I send you this copy as I received it some time back from the lamented author.—I am your obedient servant,

WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

London, June, 1880.

## LINES ON THE DEATH OF C. M. VON WEBER.

I.  
Weep! for the word is spoken,  
Mourn! for the knell hath knoll'd;  
The master chord is broken,  
And the master hand is cold!  
Romance hath lost her minstrel:  
No more his magic strain,  
Shall throw a sweeter spell around  
The legends of *Almaine*!

II.  
His fame had flown before him  
To many a foreign land;  
His lays were sung by every tongue,  
And harp'd by every hand.  
He came to cull fresh laurels,  
But Fate was in their breath,  
And turn'd his march of triumph  
Into a dirge of death!

Weep! for the word is spoken—  
Mourn! for the knell hath knoll'd;  
The master chord is broken,  
The master hand is cold!

III.  
O, all who knew him lov'd him!  
For with his mighty mind!  
He bore himself so meekly—  
His heart it was so kind!  
His wildly warbling melodies—  
The storm that round them roll—  
Are types of the simplicity  
And grandeur of his soul!

IV.  
Though years of ceaseless suffering  
Had worn him to a shade,  
So patient was his spirit,  
No wayward plaint he made. [scarcely]  
E'en death himself seem'd loath to  
His victim pure and mild,  
And stole upon him gently  
As slumber o'er a child!

J. R. P.

DRESDEN.—*Oberon* has been given at the Theatre Royal for the first time without spoken dialogue, for which recitative has been substituted. The words of the latter are from the pen of Dr Franz Grandauer, stage-manager of the Theatre Royal, Munich, the music by Dr Franz Wüllner. (Why not that of Benedict, Weber's favourite pupil?—DR BLDGM.)

\* "Beethoven." By Richard Wagner. With a Supplement from the Philosophical Works of Arthur Schopenhauer. Translated by Edward Dannreuther. [London: Reeves.]



## John Hullah Speaks.

REPORT ON MUSICAL INSTRUCTION IN ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS ON THE CONTINENT.

(Concluded from page 393.)

The first change in the present state of things in elementary schools caused by the adoption of this scheme would be the giving an altogether new interpretation to the word "singing." This word should only be understood to represent singing from notes, and those musical notes. Your Lordships will already have seen that in only one of the places I visited in my recent tour is any other than the recognized musical alphabet or notation in use. Nowhere, save in Geneva, did I find, or even hear mention of, any other. The sanction of the Committee of Council on Education was given some years since to the use of another notation in English normal and elementary schools. In the latter this notation is, I am told, much used; but in the former I find it at present in only three\* out of 41 English normal schools, and in three† out of seven Scottish. Every opportunity has been afforded to those who have adopted this notation to show the results of its use with advantage to themselves. Students who have desired to do so have read from it (at sight) the same passages as were read in other schools from the established notation, and, in comparing the one with the other, I have always made the fullest allowance for its many imperfections, and the greater difficulties which its employment involves. At every annual examination the questions set on paper have been, so far as was possible, translated into it. The outcome of the Christmas examination of 1878 was that against 1,764 students who sang from musical notation, only 207 sang from tonic sol-fa; and that against 5,131 papers presented in the former notation, there were only 441 in the latter.

I entreat your Lordships to bear in mind that the question here raised is not one of methods but of notations. Let who will teach and who will learn on whatever method he pleases, but let not the sanction of your Lordships be further given or implied to a notation or alphabet absolutely unknown out of Great Britain, the closest acquaintance with which fails to enable its possessors to read music, as it is ever written by musicians.

Some time must of necessity elapse before the changes I have proposed can be made, for if made at once the education grant for "music" now made to elementary schools must at once be reduced to zero. Being made, however, I am fully persuaded that they will bring about changes as great in our own schools as have been brought about of late years in those of Belgium and Holland; and, as a consequence, in the course of a generation, refine the habits and manners of our own poorer classes to an extent unprecedented in any age or country.

I have, &amp;c.

(Signed) JOHN HULLAH.

1st October, 1879.

P.S.—I subjoin to this report a memorandum which I have had the honour to address to H.R.H. the President of, and the noblemen and gentlemen composing, the Committee of the New Royal College of Music at South Kensington.

## MEMORANDUM.

*Music in Elementary Schools and the Royal College of Music.*

Considerable indifference to the condition of musical instruction in elementary schools prevails generally among musicians of the higher order throughout Europe. It is very desirable that this indifference be removed, at least among ourselves; for an increase of musical skill among the people would certainly bring with it an increase in the number of readers of good musical works and of hearers of good musical performances, alike to the advantage of the people, the Art itself, and its professors.

The first step toward the removal of this indifference would seem to be the giving to such professors interest and occupation in the carrying out of such instruction, (1) by bringing teachers in elementary schools more directly under their influence, and (2) by placing under their direction the inspection of the musical work done in such elementary schools.

The Royal College of Music, at present in contemplation, presents a field wherein both these means might be applied.

There are now in England, Wales, and Scotland, 51 training schools for schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, in all of which vocal music, and in some instrumental is taught. I propose:—

(1.) That from these training schools a selection of a limited number be made annually of those students who, at the end of their two years' training, show the most skill in an aptitude for music; and that these be placed in the Royal College, during a period not exceeding 12 (?) months, for the purpose of carrying further their

\* Bangor, Homerton, and Westminster.

† The Free Church Schools of Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Aberdeen.

musical studies, in classes expressly arranged for them, and otherwise participating in its advantages. These students would, at the close of their residence, receive testimonials of their qualifications as musical instructors, and should then be placed in large towns or other centres, in which they might teach music in the upper classes of elementary schools, and aid and direct the teaching in the lower.

(2.) That annual inspections of schools so taught be made by or under the direction of the Professors of the Royal College, and that the annual grants for efficiency in music now made by the Education Department be in future awarded to each school on the reports of such professors.

(Signed) JOHN HULLAH.

London, 20th August, 1879.

## MUSIC AT THE ANTIPODES.

(From our own Correspondent.)

The *Pinafore* season at the Theatre Royal, which began on the 14th February, ended on the evening of the 26th ult. The "grand comic opera" of Sullivan and Gilbert was produced simultaneously at the Academy of Music and St George's Hall. The performance at St George's Hall took place under inevitable disadvantages, but it is only just to Mr Richard Stewart and his accomplished daughters to say that they did their best. Mr Stewart took the part of Sir Joseph Porter, Miss Dody Stewart that of Josephine, and Miss Nellie Stewart that of Ralph Rackstraw. Mr George Leopold was Dick Deadeye. At the Academy of Music, however, *Pinafore* has made the season one of the most delightful within the remembrance of the Melbourne public. Mr Horace Lingard played the First Lord in a way that could "hardly ever" be surpassed. Mrs Lingard was Josephine, and, although hitherto unknown as a vocalist, agreeably surprised the crowded audiences nightly assembled; acting, moreover, in a style all her own—a fact that surprised no one. Mr John Forde was a first-rate Captain Corcoran, and Mrs J. L. Hall a spicy "Little Buttercup." Mr J. L. Hall was as good a Dick Deadeye, as far as "make up" and acting were concerned, as Gilbert and Sullivan themselves could have wished to see. Mr Olly Deering, as the Boatswain, was, as in every character he assumes, after his manner irreproachable.

Legal proceedings have been instituted against Mr Lingard for having brought out *Pinafore* without the permission of Mr J. C. Williamson, who, while in England, bought from the authors the right of producing it first in Australia. Mr Williamson, with Messrs Gilbert and Sullivan's authority in his pocket, opened with *Pinafore* in Sydney, and had a successful season. There, also, legal proceedings were instituted, the defendants being Messrs Kelly and Leon, who gave the opera on their own account and compromised by paying Mr Williamson a sum of money.

At our Theatre Royal here, the leading parts were distributed as follows:—Josephine, Mrs J. C. Williamson (Miss Maggie Moore); Sir Joseph Porter, Signor Riccardo; Little Buttercup, Miss Leaf; Ralph Rackstraw, Mr Louis Braham; Captain Corcoran, Mr Harding; the Boatswain, Mr Olly Deering; Dick Deadeye, Mr T. Rainford; Hebe, Miss Kate Foley. The company was greatly strengthened by the accession of Mr Deering as Ben Backstay. Mrs Williamson having to fulfil an engagement elsewhere, Miss Leaf sustained the part of Josephine during the last few nights of the season, and created a favourable impression. The opera was well put upon the stage. The company, minus Mrs Williamson and one or two others, open at Geelong in a few days, under the management of Mr Stuart O'Brien.

The Royal Italian and English Opera season is now in full swing at the Prince of Wales Opera House, under the management of our old friend, Mr W. Saurin Lyster. There are three first ladies: Mme Rose Hersee, Signora Boena, and Signora Coy; the leading men-singers being Messrs Arnes Beaumont, G. Verdi, and E. Farley. The operas already produced have been *Il Trovatore*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, *the Rose of Castile*, *Maritana*, *Norma*, *Fuuet*, and *Un Ballo in Maschera*.

To-morrow evening Mme Carlotta Patti makes her debut before a Melbourne audience in the first of a series of tri-weekly concerts under the management of Signor De Vito. Mme Patti has already sung in Sydney. Her concerts in this city will be given in the large room of the Town Hall. Our music-loving citizens are greatly interested to hear so distinguished a vocalist.

J. T. L. F.

Melbourne, 5th April, 1880.

## MR CHARLES HALLÉ'S

### Pianoforte Recitals.

MR CHARLES HALLÉ has the honour to announce that the LAST PIANOFORTE RECITAL of his TWENTIETH SERIES will take place, in St JAMES'S HALL, on

FRIDAY AFTERNOON, JULY 2.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

#### PROGRAMME OF EIGHTH RECITAL.

FOURTEEN VARIATIONS, in E flat, Op. 44, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA, and H<sup>ert</sup> FRANZ NERUDA *Beethoven*.  
SONATA, in C minor, Op. 30, No. 2, for pianoforte and violin—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ and M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA *Beethoven*.  
SONATA, in B minor, Op. 38, for pianoforte (first time)—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ *Chopin*.  
SONATA, in D major, for violin (repeated by desire)—M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA *Handel*.  
GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 99, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, M<sup>me</sup> NORMAN-NERUDA, and H<sup>ert</sup> FRANZ NERUDA *Schubert*.

#### PRICES OF ADMISSION.

Box Stalls 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 1s.

Subscriptions and Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.'s, 81, New Bond Street; Mitchell's, 33, Old Bond Street; Olivier's, 38, Old Bond Street; Keith, Prosser & Co.'s, 48, Cheapside; Hays's, Royal Exchange Buildings; Austin's Ticket Office, 28, Piccadilly; and by Mr CHARLES HALLÉ, 11, Mansfield Street, Cavendish Square.

## MADAME MONTIGNY-RÉMAURY

Begs to announce her ARRIVAL in London.

All communications to be addressed to her, care of Messrs ERARD, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, REGENT STREET.

#### BIRTH.

On June 20th, at 66, Maida Vale, the wife of BARTON MCGUCKIN of a daughter, prematurely.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—What Mr B—h thinks about theism, and what B—t thinks of what Mr B—h thinks, is to us a matter of profound indifference—not worth, indeed, half a second's consideration.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). Advertisements not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JUNE 26, 1880.

### Punch Extraordinary.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In *Punch*, last issue, June 26, 1880, I find two jokes, one musical, the other political—both extraordinary. Hereto appended—jokes, political and musical.

Joke Political (scientific).

"LIBERAL SCIENTIFIC FRONTIER.—The Identical Note."

Joke Musical (non-scientific).

COMMENCEMENT OF EUROPEAN CONCERT.—A new Frontier for Greece.

Now, Sir, pardon me (and *pace* Mr Punch), I think I should have put it this way:—

THE IDENTICAL NOTE.—Commencement of European Concert.

A NEW FRONTIER FOR GREECE.—Liberal Scientific Frontier.

—by this re-distribution of parts hitting several nails on the head, as one might do (say a tobaccoist) who was up to all kinds of snuff. I may be wrong, but, persuaded of the contrary, I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

D. STOYLE VIPE (M.D.).

[Dr Vipe may not be singular in his administrations of the *calculus* differential. Nevertheless, Democritus and Heraclitus, even viewed as Heraclitus and Democritus through inverted eyebrows, might possibly differ.—D. V.]

THE HANDEL FESTIVAL.—That the triennial assembly of amateurs and musicians in honour of the grand Saxon musician who (with brief intervals of absence) made England his country and London his residence from 1710 to 1759, the year of his death, and whom Germany herself hardly dares to claim as her own, so thoroughly did he succeed in meeting English tastes and conquering English hearts, should have absorbed all attention during the week which ends to-day may easily be understood. Mendelssohn, although he composed *Elijah* for Birmingham, and was almost worshipped in this country, could never be entirely happy away from Germany; while Handel (a naturalised Englishman), despite his German birth and his successes in Italy, could never be entirely happy away from the new country of his choice. In fact, he was celebrated here before he can be said to have been recognized at home in any degree proportionate to his absolute worth. What the Handel Festival, held triennially in the Crystal Palace, signifies is a theme so familiar to our musical readers that to dwell upon it again would be sacrificing space to no purpose. Enough that from 1857, when the idea was first put into action by the spirited directors of the Sacred Harmonic Society, with the late Mr. Robert K. Bowley at their head, Mr. George Grove as secretary *sans pareil*, and Sir Michael Costa "generalissimo of all the orchestras," justly so styled, as conductor, they have been carried on until now with ever increasing interest. The meeting of 1857, though advertised as "Handel Festival," was but tentative, the first "Festival" properly so denominated taking place in 1859, when the centenary of Handel's death was commemorated. The success on that occasion was so marked, that in 1862 another meeting was organized, with results so satisfactory that it was determined by the Committee of the Sacred Harmonic Society and the Crystal Palace directors to perpetuate the festival as "triennial." Thus it has been continued, with always increased and increasing resources, until the present time, and is likely to be continued on the same footing, so long as the Crystal Palace (for no other "locale" could be found so happily suited to the purpose) remains at disposal of the promoters. It is gratifying to be able to state that the festival which came to an end yesterday with such a performance of *Israel in Egypt* as in no other circumstances could be possible, has been as remarkable as any of its predecessors—more remarkable, indeed, in some respects. To describe in minute detail the performances of the week would occupy far more than the space we have at command, and, besides, would be equivalent to repeating in other words what has been published at such length, and with eulogy so amply merited, by our daily contemporaries. A brief general retrospect must, therefore, suffice. The festival comprised two oratorios—*The Messiah* and *Israel*, separated from each other by a miscellaneous programme made exclusively out of Handel's works, sacred and secular, and preceded, as on former occasions, by a general public rehearsal—a sort of epitome of all that was to come, comprising, as it did, the most admired pieces from the oratorios and the intervening "selection." For such a celebration nothing could be fitter than the oratorio of the New Testament and the oratorio of the Old, subject, nevertheless, to the suggestion that, by logical order of precedence, *Israel* should come first, and *The Messiah* last. About the rehearsal we need say no more than that it brought a large concourse of visitors to the Crystal Palace, and that all the leading singers, with the exception of M<sup>me</sup> Adelina Patti, took part in it. The first test was the performance of *The Messiah*, on Monday, than which we can remember nothing more admirable. The "Sacred Oratorio" was brought out in all its glory by a host of interpreters, vocal and instrumental, over 4,000 in number. There were upwards of 21,000 visitors, and the sight, favoured by a glorious sunshine, was as imposing as the sound was magnificent. The reception given to Sir Michael Costa was no more than a just tribute to one who has directed these festivals from the beginning, and has, since 1848, been conductor to the Sacred Harmonic Society, by whose directors they were first set on foot, and by whose responsible officers they have been so ably managed from the beginning. The first grave and stately measures of the overture showed the orchestra at its best; and this efficiency was sustained to the very end. The chorus were not only strong in numbers but in excellence, and this was proved no less clearly by the ease and pointed accentuation with which they executed such pieces as "He shall purify the sons of Levi," where florid passages abound, than in their emphatic rendering of "For unto us a Child is born," the



superb "Hallelujah," and the overpowering "Amen"—worthy climax to a masterpiece in all essential respects unequalled. We have little but praise for the leading vocalists. To Mme Albani was confided the soprano music throughout, and rarely has she won more honourable distinction. Only to single out two pieces—"How beautiful are the feet," was given by this accomplished artist with all the simple and plaintive tenderness which is its chief characteristic, while "I know that my Redeemer liveth" was sung with a fervour of expression that revealed all its deep significance. An unbeliever might have been converted by such unaffected and persuasive vocal eloquence. Mme Patey, our reigning contralto, sang all the recitatives and airs allotted to her register; and to more competent hands they could hardly have been confided. Her renderings of "He shall feed His flock," and of the truly pathetic air, "He was despised and rejected of men," were equally to be admired, as examples of model Handelian singing. The tenor music was shared between Mr Barton McGuckin and Mr Maas, the former earning good opinions on all sides by the earnestness imparted to the "Passion" recitatives and airs, the other creating quite a sensation by his energetic delivery of the declamatory air, "Thou shalt break them with a rod of iron," immediately following upon the defiant chorus, "Let us break their bonds asunder." The "future of Mr Maas may henceforth be regarded as secure." The bass music with opening part devolved upon Mr Foli, who gave the recitative and air, "The people that walked in darkness," with commendable judgment, and Mr Santley, whose Handelian singing happily stands in no need of eulogy, and whose "Why do the nations" and "The trumpet shall sound" (with Mr T. Harper's splendid *obbligato*), were, as usual, worthy unqualified praise. In fact, the performance of *The Messiah* was such a beginning to the Handel Festival as its best well-wishers could desire. The miscellaneous concert was, as always, an entertainment of varied interest, consisting, however, exclusively of solo airs, choruses, and instrumental music, including the concerto in G—first of twelve for stringed instruments, which, played by all the violins, violas, &c., under Sir Michael Costa's control, produced a unique effect. There was no concerted music, not even a duet or a trio. The effect, in consequence, was somewhat monotonous. Mme Adelina Patti, however, being one of the solo singers, the vast audience were more than satisfied, applauding her unanimously in "Let the bright seraphim" (*Samson*), and insisting upon a repetition of "From mighty kings" (*Judas Maccabaeus*)—both in her hands models of taste and perfect execution. All the leading singers took part in the concert, which ended in triumph with "See the conquering hero comes" (*Joshua*). Sir Michael Costa conducted with his accustomed vigour, and that perfect command of a multitude of singers and players in which he is unsurpassed and unsurpassable. Further details must be reserved for our next. —Graphic.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—The bare record that Verdi's *St Petersburg* opera, *La Forza del Destino*, was revived on Saturday night will suffice. The composer has to some extent modified, but in no respect improved it. As there is no chance whatever of the opera becoming a permanent feature in the repertory, it would be waste of time and space to say another word about it. Before giving any opinion on the merits of the new American *prima donna*, Mme Marie Louise Swift, we must see her in some other part than that of Verdi's second *Leonora*. Boito's *Mefistofele* is in rehearsal. Subscribers will be glad. Something new is wanting.

BRUSSELS.—The rejoicings organized to celebrate the Quinquagenary of Belgian Independence commenced with the opening of the National Exhibition. The great feature was the performance of Jules de Geyter's patriotic Cantata, set to music by M. Pierre Benoit, who had under command 260 members of the Willems Genootschap, from Ghent, 600 children and 140 adult singers belonging to the capital; the bands of the Grenadiers and Carabiniers (each comprising 70 instrumentalists), an orchestra of 185 executants, 20 military drummers, 8 kettle-drummers, and 12 performers on "straight trumpets"—1,365 in all. Like Rossini, M. Benoit had written a piece for a cannon (two *n's*) and great curiosity was excited as to how it would go off, some contending it would be a success, while others were equally confident it would prove a failure. With an impartiality deserving all praise, it did not go off, and, therefore, had simply to be discharged. The Cantata, author, composer, and executants were applauded with a fervour which said much for the patriotic feeling of the assembled thousands.

## CONCERTS.

A SMOKING CONCERT.—Our friends on the other side of the "silver streak," who, it must be acknowledged take their pleasures gaily, have often affirmed that we take ours sadly. We have no wish to impugn that statement as generally applied, for we know there is more than a grain of truth contained therein. But there are exceptions, which wiseheads tell us always prove the rule, and one of these is to be found, notably, in what is popularly known as "A Smoking Concert." Now it would perhaps be difficult to define the relationship of music to tobacco on any other ground than that covered by Pope's trite aphorism, "Whatever is is right." That accepted, difficulties of greater magnitude may easily be solved. We are quite willing to accept the inevitable, as the *rapprochement* has been effected at these enjoyable gatherings. But there is a fly in the ointment, which it will be well to note. It is generally considered that the perfume of Havannas and regalias is not the most suitable for the presence of ladies; and in no other way can we reconcile their entire want of patronage. The question naturally arises, Does the uninterrupted enjoyment of the "weed" compensate for the absence of the fair sex? We are gallant enough to believe otherwise. Besides, we have the temerity to affirm that this sacrifice in nine cases out of ten militates against present financial success and the ultimate stability of this particular institution amongst us. We have been led into this train of thought through "assisting" at a smoking concert given by Mr T. Worsley Staniforth at the Eyre Arms Assembly Rooms, on Wednesday evening, June 23. The vocalists were Mr Charles Beckett (H.M. Chapel Royal), Mr Buckland (of Halifax), the concert-giver, and several amateurs. An admirable programme was given, consisting of madrigals, glees, part-songs, songs, and recitations. Mr Staniforth was an able accompanist, and, judging by the applause accorded to all his efforts, gave entire satisfaction to a select audience. His *Rondino* in F major, a little gem in its way, was executed in fine style by the composer, and had to be repeated. A word of praise is due to Mr Beckett, whose pure tenor voice was heard with effect in Balfe's "Come into the garden, Maud," and "The Bay of Biscay." A new song by Mr Staniforth, "Before the Mast," sung by Mr P. M. James, a young vocalist of promise, was a feature of the concert, and was loudly applauded and re-demanded. Mr Buckland (tenor), who made his first appearance in London at this concert, gave admirably the two songs allotted to him; his singing of Cellier's "There once was a time" and Sullivan's "Sailor's Grave" giving proof of a taste and refinement of feeling which is to be found only amongst those who have made voice cultivation their special study. Tom Hood's "Tale of Terror," and a selection from Dickens's *Oliver Twist* were the readings given most effectively by Mr A. H. Garrould, which shows he has the stuff in him good reciters are made of. The amateurs, Messrs Watts, Gerrard R. Witt, Conrath, and Motum, exerted themselves in their various parts with much acceptance. A zither solo by Herr Herz was listened to with the greatest pleasure, and loudly cheered, as was also a concertina solo by Mr Arditi. At the close of the concert Mr Staniforth announced his intention of giving a series of smoking concerts in the winter, the last of which will in all probability be a "ladies' night"—less the tobacco, of course, certainly a step in the right direction. —WESTSTAR.

[It will be a step in the *wrong* direction. The only sociable pretext man has for ridding himself a while of his inferior half is (*perbacco!*) tobacco. Mrs Blidge—*perbacco!*—takes snuff, but does not smoke till bedtime, when her superior is generally at his club. Woman at club makes club unclubbable. *Be cheem!*—DN BLIDGE.]

MR SYDNEY SMITH'S concert at St James's Hall, on Wednesday afternoon, June 2, attracted an enormous audience. The popularity of this gentleman is ever on the increase. The fair sex, who are evidently ardent admirers of his compositions, mustered unusually strong, and during his performances listened with an earnest attention that must have gratified the eminent *virtuoso*, if it did not distract his attention from the arduous task he had set himself. Beethoven's Sonata in F minor, Op. 57 ("Appassionata"), Mendelssohn's "Characteristic piece," in A major, No. 4, Op. 7, Schubert's Impromptu in B flat major, No. 3, Op. 142, Chopin's Scherzo in B flat minor, and a Study by Liszt, "Ricordanza," were given by Mr Sydney Smith to the entire satisfaction of his admirers, who applauded him heartily and unanimously. Mr Sydney Smith's new compositions, which he invariably introduces at his concerts, are, however, the grand attraction. On the occasion under notice he was reticent, giving only two, viz., a "Menuet" and a piece entitled "Echoes of the past," but these elegant offerings of his muse delighted his admirers beyond measure, and they applauded them again and again. A "Ballade," a "Grande Polonoise," a "Marche Hongroise," and a "Bolero" were the remaining pieces from Mr

Smith's pen. Mdme Patey and Mr Santley were the singers, the lady giving Beethoven's "Creation's Hymn" (so-called) and Blumen-thal's "Arise, and follow me," and the gentlemen Schubert's "Erl King" and Gounod's "Maid of Athens." Mr Ganz accompanied.

THE concert given by the eminent harpist, Mr Charles Oberthür, in St James's Hall, on Tuesday afternoon, derived special interest from the performance of a new cantata for female voices. This work, the words of which are by Mrs Alexander Roberts, music by Mr Oberthür himself, is entitled *The Pilgrim Queen*, and sets forth the very simple story of a Royal Lady who, being in low health and spirits, recovers through making a pilgrimage to the shrine of Queen Margaret, as she had been warned to do in a dream. The cantata comprises eleven numbers, including a fair proportion of solos for the heroine and her three attendant ladies. It is thus well-adapted use in the numerous musical class-rooms where only female voices are available, and where a new work of an attractive character and no more than moderate difficulty is always welcome. *The Pilgrim Queen* fulfils the conditions exacted by popularity of this kind. Mr Oberthür has been careful not to overtax the resources of amateurs, while almost without exception the numbers have in them an easily appreciated charm. Among those worthy of special mention are the chorus, "Our lady's bower," with its pretty harp accompaniment, the ballad "Fierce were the shouts by the castle wall," and a second ballad, "A captive king from his casement high." Music so unpretending, agreeable, and pleasing, being also artistic, deserves that its claim to a place in public regard should obtain support. The cantata was well received, thanks not only to its character but to a performance in which the vocal merits of Miss Catherine Penna, Mlle de Bunsen, Mdme Christiani, and Miss de Lille were conspicuous. The chorus was drawn from the ladies of Mr W. Carter's choir. Besides *The Pilgrim Queen*, several vocal and instrumental pieces were given, the executants, in addition to those already named, being Mdme Viard-Louis, Misses Kate Stewart and Fortescue, Messrs J. H. Pearson, F. Penna, and Ganz. Mr Oberthür's harp solos were, as usual, much admired.

An interesting concert was given in Steinway Hall, on Thursday afternoon, the 17th inst., by Mdme Sainton-Dolby, the performers being past and present students of the Vocal Academy she so successfully carries on. The first part consisted of miscellaneous selections, intended to exhibit the merits of individuals; while the second was mainly devoted to Franz Abt's pretty cantata, *Cinderella*, which gave abundant opportunity for displaying the skill of the students in concerted music. This programme, happily chosen, was well carried out. In the solo pieces, both natural endowments and careful training became conspicuous. We may speak with approval, for example, of Miss Frances Carew, who sang an air from Vacca's *Romeo* in promising style; of Miss Woodhatch, whose "Di tanti palpiti" was a capital performance; of Miss Blackwell, who thoroughly deserved the re-calls that followed the delivery of "They shall be turned back," from Costa's *Naaman*; and of the Misses Layton, who were pleasantly heard in duets by Mendelssohn and Brahms. Some of these young ladies won further honours in the second part—Miss Blackwell in "O luce di quest'anima," and Miss Woodhatch and Miss Carew in Franz Abt's work, which also gained by the co-operation of Miss Fusselle and Miss Franklin. On all hands it was abundantly proved that Mdme Sainton turns to good account in her academy the experience of a long and distinguished public career, thus doing her best to live over again in her pupils. The concerted music, admirably conducted by M. Sainton, and accompanied by Herr Leipold, showed much delicacy and refinement. We should add that, in the absence through illness, of Miss Maude Kelly, two of Mdme Sainton's former pupils, Miss Julia Wigan and Miss Adele Vernon, came forward to fill her place, and did so with the success which their now well-known ability led all to anticipate.—D. T.

ON Wednesday, 16th inst., Mr Isidore de Lara's *matinée musicale* was attended by a crowded audience. Mr Isidore de Lara is a singer from whom much is expected, and on Wednesday he proved himself worthy such reliance. His "Badoura" sung by himself, and "On the Golden Sands" introduced by Mdme Mary Cummings, met with deserved approval. The new words by Mr Henry Hersee for the "Badoura" ("Oriental Serenade") were in characteristic keeping. M. Gounod's "Maid of Athens," won another success for Mr de Lara. Among the other artists were Miss Farnol and Mr Boyle, a "light" soprano (whatever that means.—DR BLIDGE) and a tenor from the "National Training School for Music," the first pupil of that genuine *maestro*, Signor Visetti. Signor Papini and M. Libotton played solos on the violin and violoncello, and Sir Julius Benedict his own popular fantasia, on Arne's "Where the bee sucks."

A CONCERT was given by scholars of the National Training School for Music, under the direction of Dr Stainer (vice-principal of the

school) at the rooms of the Society for the Encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, and Commerce, John Street, Adelphi, London, W.C., on Tuesday morning, June 22, 1880. We subjoin the programme:—

PART I.—Chorus from *Mirella*, "Facciam Carole" (Gounod)—soloists, Miss Farnol, Miss Mary Arnold, and Mr Blower; Solo Pianoforte, Andante and Rondo Capriccioso (Mendelssohn)—Miss Bénard; Song, "The Better Land" (Cowen)—Miss Turner; Solo Violin, "Souvenir de Haydn" (Leonard)—Mr Crook, accompanied by Mr Percy Mull; Song, "Guinevere" (Sullivan)—Miss Webbe; Solo Pianoforte, Ballade in G minor" (Chopin)—Miss Goss; Air, "The Evening Prayer," *Éli* (Costa)—Miss Mary Arnold; Trio, "L'usato ardir" (Rossini)—Miss Jones, Miss Gibson, and Miss Mary Arnold.

PART II.—Concertante for four violins (Maurer)—Miss Riley, Miss Ward, Mr Parfitt, and Mr Crook; Song, "Oh! that we two were maying" (Gounod)—Miss Atkins; Solo Pianoforte, "Soirées de Vienne" (Liszt)—Mr Cliffe; Duet, "Quanto Amore," *Elisir d'Amore* (Donizetti)—Miss Maile and Mr Young; Solo Pianoforte, "Polonaise in E flat" (Chopin)—Miss Twist; Aria, "Infelice" (Verdi)—Mr Blower; Canzonet, "My mother bids me bind my hair" (Haydn)—Miss Cox; Chorus, "Climbing over Rocky Mountain" (Sullivan)—soloists, Miss Gibson and Miss Hudson.

The conductor of the choral class was Mr Eaton Fanning.

STEINWAY HALL.—In aid of the Catholic Teachers' Fund for the relief of the distress in Ireland, Mr F. C. Burnand gave on the evening of the 17th inst., at the Steinway Hall, Lower Seymour Street, Portman Square, an entertainment, comprising selections from his *Happy Thoughts*, and other readings from his humorous contributions to *Punch*. The audience, including a large number of those distinguished Catholic dignitaries who had promised their patronage, was sufficient to warrant the belief that the benevolent purpose of the undertaking would be substantially promoted by the services rendered by the popular lecturer. The amusement created by the recitals may be accepted as an indication that the kindly impulses prompting the desire to be present on such an occasion had the reward of all the happiness attending the fulfilment of charitable intentions. Mr Burnand kept his auditory throughout in the liveliest mood, and when his mirthful readings were over he was greeted with repeated plaudits in acknowledgment of the pleasure he had afforded.—D. T.

OPERA SINGERS are a peculiarly favoured race of people. Amongst other felicitous events which occur to the advantage of these envied individuals, wealthy relations having previously left their testaments in a satisfactory condition accommodatingly expire, in a manner highly worthy of imitation. This desirable combination is said to have been carried out by a relation of Mlle Zaré Thalberg, and the charming vocalist was reported to have renounced public life. Mr Manns succeeded, nevertheless, in inducing her to sing at the Crystal Palace last Saturday, in one of two concerts improvised to add to the attractions of the Handel Festival week, and, as it may be to remind the public that Herr Hans Richter is not the only conductor who knows something about the Beethoven Symphonies. Mlle Thalberg was very successful, but she might have chosen some pieces less hackneyed than "Ernani, inviolami," and Gounod's "Ave Maria" on Bach's First Prelude. The composition of the latter was the only sin (musical, let it be understood!) ever committed by Gounod. The Polish pianist, M. Josef Wieniawski, played Schumann's A minor Concerto, which, with the No 7 Symphony, formed the most important part of the concert. Each of M. Wieniawski's performances more amply confirm the high opinion formed of his abilities at Mr Ganz's concert. In addition to his numerous qualities, he is to be congratulated on the absence of many eccentricities which distinguish most pianists. Many on taking their seats at the instrument have first every possible fault to find with the seat, which in their agitation they wind the reverse way to that which they intended. Then having raised or lowered the stool to their satisfaction, they begin to dust the keys, with their pocket-handkerchief, which we observe they afterwards apply to their moist foreheads. These preliminaries being completed, the performer proceeds to wrestle with the instrument, and appears to be keeping up a species of warfare with it until the close of the piece, when it is often difficult to say which is vanquished. Frequently, however, the audience suffer more than either. M. Wieniawski takes his seat in a calm, gentlemanly manner, expresses no disapprobation about its height, or the condition of the keys. His execution is of the caressing, rather than the pugilistic order, but whether gently persuading or fiercely forcing the piano to submit to him, there is no question as to the final result. M. Wieniawski rises from his seat, master of his instrument and his listeners.

MR W. HENRY THOMAS' concert at the St George's Room, Tufnell Park, on Tuesday evening, the 22nd inst., was highly successful. It is an encouraging sign of art-progress that each district of London is rapidly providing itself with head-quarters for the practice and performance of high class music. The centralisation of the great



"halls," which has hitherto weighed heavily upon the prospects and efforts of young professors, is gradually giving way to an order of things that will afford the musician opportunities of being heard, either as composer or executant, in the neighbourhood to which his labours are principally devoted. Mr W. Henry Thomas conducts, during the winter months, a choral society in the northern suburb that gives, from time to time, performances of works generally of a classical nature. The concert last Tuesday was, to a great extent, a complimentary one to the young professor, for it was initiated and supported by the leading members of his society in testimony of their esteem and regard. It will, therefore, be easily credited that a full house responded to the call, and a brief notice of the qualities of the programme will show that the entertainment provided was worthy of the patronage so frankly bestowed. Mr Henry Thomas availed himself of the occasion to introduce two new songs, "Unchanging Love" and "Waiting the Call," composed by him to words by Pencerdd Gwffyn. The former having the advantages of being interpreted by the remarkable skill and earnest expression of M<sup>lle</sup> Edith Wynne, was rapturously encored, and the latter, a spirited martial strain, declaimed by Mr Lewis Thomas, had a like favourable reception. The concert-giver rendered Chopin's *Polonaise* (Op. 53) with the sustaining power and freedom of delivery demanded of the performer by the poet-composer; and in conjunction with his brother, Mr Frank Thomas, played in the *Variations pour deux pianos* by Saint-Saëns, and the *Rondo pour deux pianos* by Chopin; and also joined Mr H. Trust in Mendelssohn's *Variations Concertantes* for violoncello and pianoforte. Besides the vocalists already named, M<sup>lle</sup> Dietz sang in a very pleasing manner "The angel at the window" (Tours), and "Sognai" (Schira); M<sup>lle</sup> Ada Patterson warbled Mozart's "Gli angui d'inferno" like a skylark; and Miss Annie Butterworth charmed by her expressive rendering of "For ever and for ever" (Tosti), and "The Sailor's story" (Smart). Mr W. H. Cummings was unfortunately prevented by indisposition from attending, but Mr Sidney Tower, in addition to his own share, filled the gap in the programme by singing Braham's favourite ditty, "The anchor's weighed," in a style and with a beauty of voice that gained him the grateful regards of all present.—S. H.

MESSRS LUDWIG and DAUBERT gave their second chamber concert at the Royal Academy of Music on Saturday evening, May 15. We subjoin the programme:—

Quartet, in F minor, Op. 95, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Herr J. Ludwig, Mr A. Gibson, Mr J. B. Zerbini, and Herr H. Daubert; Songs—M<sup>lle</sup> Fides Keller; Sonata, in G minor, Op. 65, for pianoforte and violoncello (Chopin)—Mr Richard Rickard and Herr Daubert; Quartet, in F major, Op. 135, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Beethoven)—Herr J. Ludwig, Mr A. Gibson, Mr J. B. Zerbini, and Herr H. Daubert.

Songs by Beethoven, Schubert, Schumann, and Hiller, were contributed by M<sup>lle</sup> Fides Keller accompanied by Mr J. B. Zerbini. The next concert is announced for Saturday evening, June 5th.

At Miss Lillie Albrecht's *matinée musicale*, Lowndes Square (residence of George Eyre, Esq.), on Saturday, June 5, M<sup>lle</sup> Henrietta Whyte, Miss Coyte Turner, M<sup>lle</sup> Antonietta Ubini, Mr Furlong, Signora Zoboli and Fallar, were the singers. The programme, consisting for the greater part of "modern" music, did not ignore the classic masters. Two movements from Haydn's trio (No. 4) in E, for pianoforte, violin, and violoncello, played by Miss Albrecht, M<sup>lle</sup> Sinton and Daubert, began the concert, and Mendelssohn's prelude and fugue in B flat, No. 6, of Op. 35, for piano alone (Miss Albrecht), followed shortly after. The *Andante* with variations from Beethoven's "Kreutzer" Sonata (Miss Albrecht and M. Sinton), and Chopin's *Polonaise* in A flat, Op. 53, for pianoforte alone, were features of the second part. Miss Albrecht shows marked advance in executive ability—a proof that she studies with a serious object in view—not as a mere dilettante, for amusement. She also evidently devotes much time to composition, and that—judging by a Study in C major, an Idylle ("Amour inquiet," a Fantaisie ("Eau limpide,")) and a "Fantaisie Martiale," for the pianoforte, together with a *Valse Chantante* (sung by M<sup>lle</sup> Ubini) and a Romance, "Tis years since I beheld thy face," (sung by Miss Coyte Turner), her most recent productions—to excellent purpose. Each of these was listened to with attention and warmly applauded. The other artists who assisted were equally appreciated at their worth. Details, however, are unnecessary; enough that the concert (which Mr Lindsay Sloper conducted) afforded general satisfaction to a large and intelligent audience.

M<sup>lle</sup> ALBRECHT's *matinée musicale d'invasion* was held at the residence of Montague Wilkinson, Esq., Gloucester Terrace, Hyde Park. The principal singers and players were amateur pupils of the concert-giver whose performances proved the excellence of their training. M<sup>lle</sup> Albrecht had the assistance of some professional ladies among whom was M<sup>lle</sup> Antonietta Ubini, who sang a *Valse Chantante*, "Bei leb'ri" the composition of Miss Lillie Albrecht,

with great effect, and Miss Eleanor Burnett, who pleased everyone by the arch way in which she gave Blumenthal's new song, "The old, old story."

#### PROVINCIAL.

NORWICH.—The members of the Norfolk and Norwich Musical Union gave their eighteenth concert in St Andrew's Hall in the presence of a numerous company. The first part of the programme consisted of the late Sir W. Sterndale Bennett's cantata, *The May Queen*, which was first performed at the Leeds Festival in 1858, and reproduced at our own Festival in the following year. The cantata was rendered in a style highly creditable to the society and to its able conductor, Dr Bunnett; the solo parts being satisfactorily taken by Misses Agnes Larkcom and Alden, Messrs H. J. Minns and Brockbank. The second part comprised a selection of miscellaneous pieces, commencing with a new concert overture composed by Dr Horace Hill, which was warmly received. Another new piece was a series of choruses for male voices in waltz form, composed by Dr Garrett, with a pianoforte accompaniment, played by the Misses Hull. A third, by Dr Bunnett, consisting of an *adagio* and *rondo* for clarinet and pianoforte, was played by Mr Francis Bell and Dr Bunnett and highly appreciated. Miss F. M. Morse played J. F. Barnett's fantasia on his cantata, *The Ancient Mariner*, and elicited a double re-call. Miss Larkcom sang Balfe's song, "I have been with the rose," with variations by Sir Julius Benedict, and in response to an enthusiastic call gave "When Love went out a-Maying." Messrs Minns and Brockbank sang Pinsuti's duet, "The magicians;" the other items in the programme being Schubert's ballet music from *Rosamunde*, Handel's march "Ptolemy," by the band, and Schumann's chorus, "The haunting bell," accompanied by Mr Walter Lain on the pianoforte.

#### AN ASHANTEE LOVE SONG.\*

DEDICATED TO SIR GARNET WOLSLEY, K.C.B.

I know what my Dairika loves, And I'll creep by the light of the moon To the jungle and tamarisk groves. To steal a young howling baboon, My charmer shall make it a cage, And feed it with lizards and frogs, And when it attains its full age, Shall bait and torment it with dogs.	I will catch her a fat yellow snake, To be eaten with crocodiles' eggs; Form of buffalo's entrails a cake, And a jam of tarantulas' legs; From the banks of the Niger I'll bring Fish-bones to be thrust through her nose, And sew up live worms in a ring, To encircle her fingers and toes.
--	--

I told her my plan, but her heart  
Is so tender she winc'd at the words,  
And propos'd I should alter that part  
Before she accepted my terms.  
"I had rather," she cried, quick as thought,  
"On my finger a wedding-ring hung;  
And I lov'd her the more when I caught  
Such a delicate hint from her tongue."

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WELLINGTON GUERNSEY.

SYDNEY (AUSTRALIA).—The following is an extract from the Judges' Report, Department III., Class 213, Musical Instruments, &c., at the Sydney International Exhibition of 1879:—*Grand Pianoforte*, exhibited by John Brinsmead & Sons, London, *First Degree of Merit and Special Mention for improvement in action*. *Upright Piano*, exhibited by the same firm, *First Degree of Merit*. —(Signed) GEORGE THORNTON, Chairman.  
Macquarie Street, Sydney.

LEIPZIG.—The Carola Theater opens for a six weeks' season of "model" operatic performances by some of the most eminent lyric artists from the leading theatres in Germany, including those of Dessau, Hamburg, Brunswick, Munich, Dresden, Schwerin, Carlsruhe, Bremen, and Stuttgart. The operas to be given are: *Fidelio* (Beethoven); *Don Juan*, *Die Zauberflöte*, *Die Entführung*, *Figaro's Hochzeit*, and *Der Schauspieldirector* (Mozart); *Der betrogene Cadi* (Gluck); *La Serva Padrona* (Pergolesi); *Euryanthe* (Weber); *Der Vampyr* and *Hans Heiling* (Marschner); *Lohengrin* (R. Wagner); *Il Barbiere* and *Guillaume Tell* (Rossini); *Jean de Paris* and *Lame Blanche* (Boieldieu); *Le Maçon* and *Fra Diavolo* (Auber); *Le Postillon de Longjumeau* (Adam); *Der Waffenschmied* and *Czár und Zimmermann* (Lortzing); *Jessonda* (Spohr); and *Der Haideschatz* (F. von Holstein).—Herr and Mad. Vogl, from the Theatre Royal, Munich, opened an engagement at the Stadttheater with *Lohengrin*, followed by *Armida* and *Tannhäuser*. They were subsequently to sing in the *Nibelungenring*, *Materna* and *Jäger* being also included in the cast.



### The Duplicate Condict.

Amid the exultant and innocent throng  
That tasted gay Millbank's amusements with zest  
Was one who betrayed as he plodded along  
A gloomy depression unknown to the rest;  
No sameness of fare  
Or 'successfully scare  
The sad . . . pe vading him through to the core,  
And gentle routine  
Was unable to wean  
That sorrowful man from the gloom that he wore.

When verders suggested a turn at the cranks,  
Or a health-giving trudge with his fellows in file,  
The man would respectfully tender his thanks,  
But seldom gave proof of his joy by a smile;  
If the rest of the band  
Were for taking a hand  
At the pumps, or the oakum, or what it might be,  
And he joined them at all  
In response to their call,  
It was seldom with eagerness—never with glee.

The practical joke that a few of them had  
Of hiding away in a desolate cell  
For a day or two—scaring the others like mad  
With fear they were dead, or mislaid, or unwell,  
Had limited charms  
In its mimic alarms  
For the sad one (a fact, in itself, to astound),—  
His mind couldn't share  
In the gay little scare,  
Nor the subsequent glee when the truant was found.

Then one of the sweetest and gayest of all  
Those gentle yet jubilant sons of the jail  
Enquired of the victim of misery's thrall:—  
"O why so regrettably silent and pale?  
Lank misery comes  
O'er the hearts of your chums  
On seeing you dead to each innocent sport;  
And we cannot but feel  
You're a tale to reveal  
Of the most inexpressibly harrowing sort."

The shoulders and breast of the wretched one heaved,  
While jerks in the brows and a catch in the breath  
Suggested a conscience that *must* be relieved,  
And recalled Mr Pennington playing Macbeth.  
In silence profound  
Came flocking around  
The sons of confinement, agape for the tale;  
For prison routine  
May be sweetly serene,  
Yet a certain monotony's found to prevail.

"O ye," said the wretched one, "serving your time—  
Each sentence proportioned to meet an offence—  
What know ye, I ask, of the sorrows of crime  
In their truest, completest, and bitterest sense?  
Ye wander astray  
From morality's way  
To a given extent; and, in order to clean  
The conscience, this place  
A proportionate space,  
Receives you—you're quite—and the mind is serene.

"But I—I committed two criminal deeds;  
For each of these errors they gave me a year;  
These terms are concurrent; each day as it speeds  
Is, taken in theory, doubly severe!  
Each hour that I do  
At the crank is as two;  
There are forty-eight hours in a day and a night;  
There is twice as much meat  
In the rations I eat  
As there is in the dole of a happier wight.

"Oh, had they but given two separate years  
In which to atone for my duplicate crime,  
I needn't have striven, with purposeless tears,  
To satisfy conscience's score in the time!  
And now a severer  
And unspeakable fear

Is set in this breast and beginning to germ—  
There's rumours about  
Of their letting me out  
Before I have done my inadequate term!"—*Fun.*

—O—  
ALFRED MELLON.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I should be greatly obliged if any among your readers would kindly give me information respecting the String Quartets composed by the late Alfred Mellon. I have a copy of the first, in F major, lent to me by a musical gentleman here; another, in G, was performed at the "Monday Popular Concerts" twenty years ago. Are they still in print, and procurable? Are there more than these two, and which is the better of the two? I intend doing myself the honour of having one performed at my next season's chamber concerts. We claim Alfred Mellon as a distinguished townsman, although he was born in London, and not in Birmingham, as sometimes stated.

STEPHEN S. STRATTON.

Hagley Road, Birmingham,  
June 15, 1880.

The quartet in G, performed at the Monday Popular Concerts, on the 9th April, 1860, by MM. Sinton, F. Ries, H. Doyle, and Piatti is the only quartet by Mr Alfred Mellon with which we are acquainted. It may be added that when Mr Arthur Chappell had determined to give a second concert consisting exclusively of English music, it was selected by Mr Mellon himself. Our columns, however, are open to any correspondent who may have something to tell us about Mr Mellon and his compositions, and thus to afford Mr Stratton such information as he may require.—  
W. D. D.

—O—  
MALIBRAN.

Maria Malibran had a great aptitude for learning languages, and spoke four with equal facility. Lamartine complimented her on this. "Yes," she said, "it is very convenient. I am thus enabled to dress up my thoughts in my own way. If a word does not come to me in one language, I take it from another; I borrow a sleeve from English; a collar from German; and a body from Spanish." "Thus making, Madame, a charming harlequin's suit." "Yes," she replied quickly, "but there is never any mask." Some one else present was lauding a poet, as poor in ideas as he was rich in form. "Do not talk to me about his talent," she said. "He makes a vapour bath out of a drop of water!" Panegyric and enthusiasm naturally played a great part in the conversation; she frequently cut them short with something like impatience, especially if anybody made the mistake of exalting her at the expense of another artist. Her admiration for Mdle Sontag was unbounded. "Oh! If I had her voice!" she said one day. "Her voice! Her voice," observed one of the company. "Yes, she has no doubt a very pleasing voice, but no soul." "No soul?" replied Malibran quickly, "say, rather, no sorrow! She has been too happy. That is her misfortune. I have one superiority over her: the superiority of suffering. Only let her have real cause for tears, and you will see what accents will issue from the voice which you contemptuously characterise as pleasing." A year later, Sontag, after a great misfortune, appeared for the first time in the tragic and pathetic part of Donna Anna. She achieved a triumph: "Did I tell you so!" exclaimed Malibran.

One last trait to paint the mixture of modesty and confidence in herself which distinguished her. I met her one day in the Rue Taitbout, and we stopped for a moment to talk to each other. A carriage passed, and out of the window was eagerly thrust the head of a little girl, who sent her a thousand kisses. "Who is that little girl?" I enquired. "That little girl . . . that little girl is someone who will eclipse us all; it is my little sister, Pauline." The little sister became Mad. Viardot.

ERNEST LEGOUVÉ.

Merelli, entrepreneur of Italian Opera at St Petersburg and Moscow, with his representative, M. Vizenini, was recently in Milan. (His engagement with Mdme Adelina Patti is dissolved.—  
DR BRIDGE.)

## CARL KREBS.\*

Carl Krebs, Royal Saxon *Capellmeister*, died at Dresden on the afternoon of the 16th May, and, though he had been suffering for some time, his death was somewhat unexpected. By this sad event, musical art loses another of its well-approved and renowned old masters, one of those genuine musicians with whose name an entire chapter of the history of art is closely mixed up. It was in a triple capacity that Carl Krebs attained celebrity: he was a distinguished pianist, a sterling composer, and an excellent conductor, displaying in the last character rare energy, mental freshness, and vigour, up to a very advanced age. As an artist active in only the best sense, he was, as a man, universally beloved and esteemed, being one who, in the thorough uprightness and honesty of his nature, met everybody openly and frankly, and was utterly ignorant of petty professional envy.

Born on the 16th January, 1804, at Nuremberg, Carl Krebs soon lost his mother, Charlotte Miedke, an excellent singer, who died at Stuttgart, and, with his father's consent, he was adopted by Herr Krebs, a member of the operatic company at the Theatre Royal there. His extraordinary natural gifts were shown even in his earliest boyhood, and, in his sixth year, he was one of the child-phenomenons of that time. He played pianoforte concertos by Mozart and Dussek, and, when seven years of age, wrote his first opera, *Feodora*, to a libretto of Kotzebue's. In 1825 he went to Vienna, for the purpose of improving himself in thorough-bass and establishing still more firmly his reputation as a pianist. A year later he received his appointment as third *Capellmeister* at the Karntnerthor-Theater, and it was under his direction that *La Dame Blanche* and *Le Maçon* were performed there for the first time. The year 1827 saw him exchange this honourable sphere of action for Hamburg, whither he was invited, on brilliant terms, as conductor at the Stadttheater, then just built. He exercised an extraordinary influence on the elevation of musical matters in the old Hanse-Town. For ten years he organized grand musical performances, which, in their way, were musical festivals, held in high esteem far and wide. In Hamburg, too, he wrote his opera, *Agnes Bernauer*—he had previously completed another, *Sylvia*, in Vienna—and produced it in 1843, with gratifying success. He retained his appointment for twenty-four years, till, in 1850, he received an offer from the Theatre Royal, Dresden, and, to the great regret of the Hamburgers, accepted it. In June, of the same year, he entered on his new duties, and, at the age of forty-six, married Aloysie Michalesi, till 1870 one of the chief ornaments of the Dresden Royal Opera. She was his second wife, his first having been Adelheid von Cotta, whom he married at Stuttgart on the 6th June, 1828, and who died on the 9th December, 1847. A daughter, born of the second marriage, has added fresh lustre to her father's name; that daughter is Mary Krebs, the pianist.

At the end of July, 1872, Krebs gave up his post at the Theatre Royal, and retained only the direction of the sacred music at the Royal Roman Catholic Church, for which he composed several valuable masses, and cantatas as well as a "Te Deum." Of his other compositions, his brilliant pianoforte pieces and songs were especially successful, some of the latter, the one entitled "An Adelheid," for instance, obtaining world-wide renown.

The Deceased enjoyed the rare happiness of celebrating on the 1st April, 1876, his fiftieth anniversary as a conductor. On that occasion, the numberless congratulations and offerings from all points of the compass, as well as the various marks of distinction from crowned heads, proved once more in what high esteem his professional services and busy life were held. As recently as June, 1878, he conducted, with vigour unimpaired, a part of the musical performances organized to celebrate the Silver Wedding of the Royal couple of Saxony. Since last autumn he was ailing, but no one expected so soon the hour which would summon the youthful old man, whose intellect was as bright as ever, from the life to which he was so attached.

On the 19th May, his mortal remains were laid in their last resting-place. The evening before, the Dresden Liedertafel gave him who for years had been an honorary member a funeral serenade by torch-light. Manifestations of profound sympathy were received from various places; the Brunswick Ducal Chapel forwarded, through Herr Abt, their conductor, a cushion with laurel, and a large

number of laurel wreaths were sent by professional admirers and private friends in Hamburg. All the most prominent representatives of art and science in Dresden attended the funeral, and the imposing procession wended its way towards the Roman Catholic Cemetery to the strains of Chopin's Funeral March. At the grave, Herr Stolle, Court Chaplain and President, first delivered an address in the name of the Church, and was followed by Dr Pabst, *Hofrath*, speaking in that of the Direction General of the Theatre Royal. Herr Müller, cantor, as representing the choir, recited some valedictory verses. After a composition of the Deceased Master had been given by the chorus from the Theatre Royal, the proceedings were brought to a close with a "Salve, Regina," sung by the choir-boys of the Roman Catholic Church.

## MICHAEL IVANOVITCH GLINKA.

(Continued from page 360.)

Scarcely was the subject sketched out in Joukowski's captivating words, ere Glinka was all fire. He drew up his plan, or rather his plan drew itself up in his head as though by enchantment. He then applied to Baron von Rosen, Secretary to the Czarowitz, and requested him to write the poetry. The Baron consented readily, but, in his character of a German, made haste slowly. Glinka, on the contrary, wrote with the utmost precipitancy. The music was almost invariably ready before the words, which the worthy Baron was then obliged to adapt to the melody, not without deep groans and long discussions, when the musician was not satisfied. Glinka, whose creative vein was strongly aroused, composed everywhere and constantly: in carriages, in the country, during visits, and in the midst of his relations or friends. He began where others end, at the overture, which he at first wrote as a four-handed piece for the piano pretty much as it has since remained.

The insensate love he entertained for the lady who was then only affianced to him inspired him, he tells us, with the trio of the first act. This trio, as we shall see, was very successful on the stage. Mme Viardot, Rubini, and Tamburini subsequently sang it at all the concerts of Europe. It is conceived in the Italian form, that is to say: each of the three personages gives in turn the motive on which there is gradually superposed a series of contrapuntal effects and feats of vocalization. The idea is graceful, and the accompaniments, purely and skilfully written, cause it to stand out with great distinctness.

This is not the only instance in Glinka's first opera that we recognize the influence of the Italian school. All the vocal concerted pieces are written in the same fashion, and we find in them Donizetti and Bellini scarcely modified. The vocal style is excellent, but Glinka had not yet achieved his melodic originality. We might almost say the first act of *Life for the Czar* had nothing Russian about it except the scenery; it was Italy that supplied the mould in which are cast the broad cantilenas! It is only from time to time that we discover a vague tinge of melancholy of which we cannot better convey an idea than by saying it reminds us of the sentiment of our own Halévy.

In the second act, we have a superbly constructed ballet, perfectly carried out. It would be impossible to seize more happily the character of Polish music and of the Polish people. The rhythms are pungent, the cadences broad and brilliant. The different dance-sorts making up the act have become popular in Russia; they are often performed at the promenade concerts in St Petersburg, and the Polonaise, struck up by the orchestra or the military band in the course of a public ceremony, announces the arrival of the sovereign and his court. After this page of stately sonority, we have the Czaovienne, which Glinka composed on his return from Italy as he passed through the Austrian capital and was under the impression of Strauss's orchestra; then comes a sort of waltz in 3/4 measure, and lastly a mazurka leading up to the concerted finale in which the drama resumes its rights. All this is very well treated: has Glinka hit off the Polish character better than the character of his own country? In this work, which its author wanted to render so eminently patriotic, ought we to admire more especially the portrayal of foreign manners? While Glinka believed he was exalting Russia, was it Poland that triumphed?

Fortunately, the last two acts contain great beauties, and these,

\* From the *Signale*.

at least, are borrowed from no one. We will first cite Vania's romance, which is characterised by touching melancholy, and then the scene where the Poles, breaking into his cabin, carry off the old man, Soussanine. Nothing can be fresher than the commencement of this number. A gracefully naive melody runs through the orchestra and the voices; it is in G major, and—a detail to be remarked—the F is invariably natural. This song, which possesses all the characteristics of a folk's refrain, expresses most happily the tranquil joys of a humble home. The entire family are assembled; the affianced couple are about to be united by solemn vows; and the father blesses the wished-for wedding. The calm, the confidence, and the serenity of the peasants are all the greater, because the company have just learned the election of Michael Romanof to the supreme power; with this young chief at her head, Russia will, doubtless, be regenerated and prosperous. But suddenly the movement and character of the music are changed. Staccato notes followed by rapid passages are heard in the orchestra. A well-known rhythm warns us; we hear the outline of a vague mazurka. It is the Poles, who enter as masters. Farewell to joy, farewell to happiness! . . . Soussanine is summoned to serve as a guide for the enemy to the spot where the new Czar resides. No resistance is possible. He consents and leaves with Antonide, but not before having found time to say to his adopted son: "Run, run, my child, to the château of the Ruricks, and before the next dawn let the Czar have quitted his abode."

This scene is followed by a short and charming chorus of young girls. Antonide's companions have heard of her misfortune and come to console her. This piece is in 5-4 time, a measure Glinka employs very often, as well as that in 7-8.

The scene changes; we are before a manor house, half a stronghold and half a monastery. It is the habitation of Michael Romanof. Vania makes his appearance and sings in a gasping rhythm: "My horse has dropped down dead upon the road. Yonder is the Czar's château. Hasten, master; the enemy is not far off! . . . All is silent; all in the monastery are asleep. Shall I succeed in waking them?" (He knocks at the door). "Open!" The measure grows slower and Vania continues: "Alas! why am I not a knight! The doors of iron and of brass would then be opened to me! I would run and cry to the Czar's servitors: 'Awake! Awake!' . . . My voice would sound like a bell and would make itself heard by the dead themselves." (He knocks again). "Open! Open." He then sings the broken melody of the commencement. "My heart grows weak and my legs bend beneath me. Affright and cold are more powerful than I am." (He turns towards the stronghold and cries: "The enemy are near; with to-morrow's dawn, they will arrive and seize him!") (He comes down again in despair to the front of the stage). "No! never, never will they hear me!" The young peasant's voice has, however, penetrated within the walls. Some figures appear. "It is not the storm-wind which makes this noise. It is no bird of misfortune singing. It is not the spirit of one dead who is before us. No! It is sorrow and anguish that are knocking at the door."

(To be continued.)

#### 'TIS SPRING.\*

This morn I saw a tiny rose  
In green and satin vest,  
And further on a little bird  
Hang out its mossy nest.  
I then found out a primrose bright  
And heard a cuckoo sing:  
Oh, let me live! for life is sweet,  
Oh, let me love! 'tis Spring.

The flower droops on its fragile stem  
At Zephyr's lightest breeze,  
The golden-winged butterfly  
Flies round in merry guise;  
The blue-bells show their azure-heads,  
Glad tidings all they bring:  
Oh, let me live! for life is sweet,  
Oh, let me love! 'tis Spring!

Soothe, soothe me with thy soft caress,  
For in my inmost heart  
There's a yearning for a mutual love,  
A longing to impart.  
My soul is sighing in its depths  
To grasp some hidden thing,  
I'm languishing for sympathy!  
Oh, bring it me, sweet Spring!

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JOANNA ENRIQUEZ.

#### WAIFS.

Johannes Brahms wants an opera-libretto—a good one.

*Lohengrin* has been performed at the Politeama, Genoa.

Mlle Maria Durand has greatly pleased as Aida at Buenos-Ayres.

Next winter, the Teatro Dal Verme, Milan, will be carried on by the proprietor.

Genée's *Royal Middy* (*Dér Seekadet*) has been drawing good houses at Boston (U.S.).

Mme Annette Essipoff-Leschetzky is engaged for six concerts in Lisbon and Oporto.

Wagner celebrated his 67th birth-day at the Villa d'Angri, Posilipo, near Naples.

Vierling's secular oratorio, *Der Raub der Sabinerinnen*, has been produced at St Louis (U.S.).

The monument to Vincenzo Bellini for the Cathedral at Catania will very shortly be completed.

Mme Carlotta Patti and her husband, M. Demunck, have been very successful on their Australian tour.

August Wilhelmj is again in New York, engaged for the summer season at Koster and Vial's Concert Hall.

*Tristan und Isolde* will be revived next season at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna. (Oh!—DR BLIDGE.)

Camillo Sivori, the violinist, has been decorated with the Legion of Honour. (*Povero Sivori!*—DR BLIDGE.)

Boston (U.S.) has seven coloured lawyers—"Not," says the *Boston Courier*, "so black as they are painted."

Herr Eduard Kremser has sent in his resignation as concert-director of the Society of the Friends of Music, Vienna.

Mlle Lehmann, sister of Mlle Lilli Lehmann now at Her Majesty's, will sing at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna, in August.

Mme Prochaska, from the Stadttheater, Hamburg, has appeared as Valentine in *Les Huguenots* at the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

A new hymn, "Prono Voluptas Impetu," by Ch. Lefebvre, for contralto, chorus, and orchestra, was lately performed at St Peter's, Louvain.

*Genoveva* was performed for the 50th time at the Theatre Royal, Wiesbaden, on the 71st anniversary of Schumann's birth. Mme Clara Schumann was present.

Leon Godineau, violinist, formerly professor of solfeggio at the Conservatory, Brussels, died in that city on the 26th May. He was born in 1813, at Ath, Belgium.

M. Chapu has been commissioned by the Corporation of Caen, the native place of Auber, to execute a statue of that most gifted of French composers. (Better late than never.—DR BLIDGE.)

The *Morning Post* informs us that the Sisters Wanda and Jadwiga Bulewski (pianist and violinist), who, have been gaining laurels at Vienna and other leading cities of Germany, have arrived in London.

M. Candidus has finished his engagement at Her Majesty's Theatre, and has left London for Hamburg; from thence he proceeds to Vienna, where he is to sing at the Imperial Theatre, and from Vienna he goes to Frankfort to inaugurate the new Operahouse in that city.

An American menagerie and circus proprietor announced lately, for his benefit, a learned elephant to play some pieces on a "magnificent Erard." Every one rushed to hear the tasked *virtuoso*, and a large amount was taken at the doors. Before the end a new piano was brought into the middle of the circus and the top removed. After the usual obeisances, the elephant advanced to the piano. Raising his foot, he placed it on the keys. Suddenly he uttered a fearful cry, which sounded like weeping, and occasioned no small alarm. The proprietor came forward and stuck his head in the animal's jaws to learn the reason. Taking his head out again, he ordered the tasked *virtuoso* to be led away; then, turning to the audience, said the elephant could not play on that piano, as in the keys of the instrument he recognized the teeth of his mother. A Broadwood was immediately telegraphed for to London, but has not yet arrived.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.—There has been nothing absolutely new at this establishment since our last. About Mme Sembrich's appearance as Amina in the *Sonnambula* on Thursday we must defer speaking till next week. Meanwhile, the first of the promised novelties, Hérold's *Pré-aux-Cleres*, is announced for this evening, with Mme Albani in the character of Isabella. This is likely to give a spur to the rest of the season.



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### THE RIGHT WAY TO GO (Song of the Old Companion).

Words and Music by FREDERICK PENNA. Price 3s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street; where may be obtained "They named her name before me" and "Days of Childhood." Words and Music by FREDERICK PENNA.

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THE RETURN OF THE ARMY. Duet for Tenor and Bass. Words by N. GABRIEL. Music by FREDERICK PENNA. Price 4s. London: DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.

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